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THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE DISCLOSURE.

THE morning's sun had scarcely brightened up the old mansion of Tregona when Humphrey re-appeared on the scene, his features portraying that solemnity which foretold an important disclosure. Refusing all refreshment, he hurriedly passed into his father's apartment, where he was immediately questioned as to the cause of his sudden disappearance. This inquiry he seemed unwilling to answer till he had referred to the official position held by his parent in the district, and the obligation that rested upon him of taking judicial notice of that which he was about to reveal to him, dwelling upon the advantages that would occur, both to himself and his country, by so doing.

"Well, well, to the point," said his father, a little impatient at his son's lengthy preliminaries.

"I will be as brief as possible," responded Humphrey, with pompous gravity, "and when you have learned the nature of the important revelation I have to impart, you will not, I feel confident, reproach me with intruding unnecessarily on your patience. To commence, I must inform you, that the communication which reached me last night, proceeded from a quarter that had almost vanished from my recollection, or to speak plainer, from a young man with whom I had once been on terms of the closest intimacy, but of whom I had lost sight for some time. This young man, wishing to avail himself of our former friendships, has been induced to reveal to me the awkward position in which he has found himself suddenly placed, and to ask my advice on the subject."

"An affair of pecuniary inconvenience, no doubt," interrupted Mr. Merriis.

"Not at all so," rejoined Humphrey, piqued at so grovelling an insinuation; "that which he revealed to me was quite of a different character. It

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had to do with a serious breach of the law; one which demanded the immediate attention of the justices of the peace."

"A breach of the law?" said Mr. Marsdale, with magisterial anxiety.

"Yes, a most audacious infraction of the law, a deed of no small magnitude; nothing less than the harbouring one of those dangerous men, called Jesuits, by your mysterious neighbour, Sir Algernon Trevillers."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Marsdale, a vision of horrors rushing to his mind. "What authority have you for so grave an accusation? who was your informant?"

"The name of my informant is Geoffrey, the same whom I brought down a year and a half ago, to be present at the celebration of your birth-day; but whose friendship I then unhappily forfeited through the nonsensical prudery of my brother, who mistook him for some objectionable character he had met elsewhere."

"I fully recollect the circumstance to which you allude, it having given me considerable pain at the time. Cannot the young man come at once before me, and let me hear from his own lips, what he has to say?"

"This," replied Humphrey, "I cannot prevail on him to do. He appears to have an unconquerable aversion to set his foot within our doors; an objection which can only be accounted for, from the recollection of the want of courtesy he met under this roof. As to his assertion respecting the Jesuit, there is no doubt of its truth, as the individual in question is no other than his own uncle, the brother of Sir Algernon Trevillers."

"The informant is, then, Sir Algernon's nephew," said Mr. Marsdale, with surprise.

"He is so, and bears the name of Geoffrey."

"He bore not that name when down here before," said the old Preceptor, pointedly.

"Probably not," rejoined Humphrey. "He has since informed me that he was under the unpleasant necessity of laying it aside just then, owing to the ill-will borne him by his uncle, Sir Algernon, who would have taken advantage of his unexpected proximity to annoy him in some way or other. I cannot blame him for having had recourse to this little subterfuge, it was perfectly natural on his part."

"I don't exactly see that," replied his father, "but proceed with what you have to say."

"Well," continued Humphrey, "this young man finding it necessary to have a personal interview with his family, arrived a day or two since at the Priory for that purpose, and it was on his leaving the place that he accidentally caught a glimpse of this Jesuit uncle, through a small casement. He was greatly surprised at the discovery, believing him to be living abroad, an inmate of some foreign seminary. At first he thought he was mistaken, and hoped such might be the case, well knowing the severity of the law; but, on further examination his doubts vanished, and he became clearly convinced that this notorious relative was there protected and concealed by his brother, Sir Algernon, and in all probability engaged in some nefarious practices, detrimental to the well being of her Majesty's loyal subjects;

taken thus by surprise, my friend Geoffrey scarcely knew how to act, whether to connive at this infringement of the law, or break through all family ties by making the offence known. Duty at length prevailed, and this noble and disinterested young man came at length to the painful resolution of denouncing his criminal kinsman at the bar of his country."

"Did you not say," interrupted Mr. Merris, "that this young man was on bad terms with his uncle, Sir Algernon? Did he state any cause for this unnatural estrangement?"

"None of any weight," said Humphrey, carelessly, "it proceeded probably from his refusing to pin himself down to the whims of a capricious guardian."

"It's a serious business, indeed," rejoined Mr. Marsdale, leaning his head upon his hand, in a thoughtful position, "and one which, however repugnant to my feelings, must not be overlooked."

A moment's silence ensued, when suddenly rising from his seat, he requested Mr. Justice Sanford might be sent for immediately, "and you Merris," continued Mr. Marsdale, "inform without delay the minister of the parish of what has occurred, though, let your communication be given in the strictest confidence."

Being now left to himself, the worthy proprietor of Tregona paced the room in no little perturbation. His position as a justice of the peace told him that he had an imperative duty to perform from which he could not flinch; whilst the natural kindness of his disposition inclined him to lean in an opposite direction, and make him hesitate.

"After all," thought Mr. Marsdale, "is it so atrocious an evil to cling to a faith, however erroneous, which had been the creed of his country for centuries? Was he not going to act a part of cruelty towards a family he had already so little spared? Was it not a case of life or death? And should he not ever after have cause for regret, the having brought a man to the scaffold for infringing a penal law of such unparalleled severity? Who knows but, at this moment of vacillation, one friendly suggestion might have weighed down the balance on the side of mercy but there was no one there to whisper this friendly word. He who could have done so, and would have done so, was far away, and consequently these secondary considerations soon evaporated, giving place to exaggerated views of the enormity of the offence, and the mischief that would certainly accrue, if a character supposed to be so nefarious was permitted to linger in the precincts of his domain. But above all, his own sincere conscientious anxiety for the welfare of the state religion, which he feared would be soon undermined by the frequent arrival of such persevering missionaries, combined to nerve his timid disposition, and determine him to stand firm in carrying out a prosecution, necessary for the welfare of his country."

Mr. Marsdale had been reared in the extreme prejudices of the times, and looked upon every ecclesiastic of the proscribed Faith as an abettor of treason, and the enemy of social order. He knew little of the world at large, and still less of the different views it professed. His judgment had been formed by certain men of narrow minds, to whom, as a young man,

he vowed implicit reverence; and he still considered it his paramount duty to stand by these his early impressions, without troubling himself to ascertain their truthfulness. He consequently conceived the most absurd notions touching men designated "*Papists*." His antipathy to them had ever been unconquerable; and though he possessed a liberal mind, such were the deep-rooted convictions he entertained on this subject, that nothing could make him believe that their existence in the country would not, in some way or other, be prejudicial to its prosperity.

It would seem that he had forgotten, that men holding the creed he so much deprecated had alone occupied the soil for nearly a thousand years, had framed the laws which gave him social security—built the churches wherein he invoked his Creator—endowed the Universities that taught him science; in fine, supplied him with every noble and lasting advantage. All this was lost upon him; he gave no credit to the past—he dwelt solely upon the present; he loved his country, and admired all she did; every faith but that she upheld was, as a matter of course, outlandish, or, at least, suspicious, and ought to be kept down by the strong arm of the law. Impressed with these ideas, Mr. Marsdale viewed the recent penal enactments as highly essential for the good of the nation, and though he regretted the necessity of having recourse to strong measures at any time, he thought, under existing circumstances, they were needed, and that it was his duty to assist in carrying them out.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CONSULTATION.

THE minister of the parish was not long in obeying the summons he had received to attend Mr. Marsdale on the subject of the concealed Jesuit; but he failed in betraying that degree of indignation which the gravity of the case seemed to call forth. That he was surprised was true enough; surprised that any man should have the temerity to set his foot on a soil that disowned him, and that made him pay the forfeit of such rashness with imprisonment and death. But that this intrusion should, however, be accompanied with any degree of danger to the public at large he regarded as idle.

Nevertheless, he expressed his readiness to lend his aid in expelling from his parish an individual so objectionable. At the same time, he was induced to think that a private intimation, coupled with due threats, if disregarded, might answer every purpose, without having recourse to more stringent measures.

Mr. Marsdale shook his head. He had made up his mind to steel his heart against leniency in any shape whatever. That which his son Humphrey had advocated must, as a matter of course, be the proper line of conduct to pursue; and he should consider himself wanting in patriotism if he did not follow up the business with promptitude.

"Surely," replied Mr. Marsdale, a good deal annoyed by the want of energy and zeal displayed by the minister in the matter, "you would not wish me to shut my eyes upon so flagrant an act; and thus be thought to countenance proceedings which I hold both dangerous and disloyal?"

"No, dear sir," said Mr. Treverbyn, mildly, "you mistake me. I would not, for a moment, wish you to shrink from performing what you conscientiously think a duty; I only suggested, with all due deference to your superior judgment, that could this duty have been performed without having recourse to public means, the object might have been attained, and the family spared the anguish that a prosecution must entail."

"Say no more," replied Mr. Marsdale, fearful of being for a second time shaken in his stern resolves. "I cannot yield to every petty consideration, when honour and rectitude bid me stand firm."

The entry of Mr. Justice Sandford at this moment interrupted the conversation, and the minister, not considering his presence any longer required, profitted by the opportunity, and withdrew.

Mr. Marsdale, who attributed this lack of zeal on the part of the minister to his inexperience and want of knowledge of the importance of the case, greeted with more than usual welcome the arrival of Mr. Sandford, feeling sure that he would be most willing to co-operate with him on the present occasion; and he was not disappointed. This active administrator of the law was well suited for such a business. Prompt and decisive, he seldom hesitated a moment, a glance sufficed to give him an insight into the most intricate affair. Of a disposition naturally self-willed, he viewed with distrust those opinions that did not coincide with his own. As for those unfortunate beings whose transgressions came within reach of the late penal statutes, he had no mercy for them, in fact, he considered every holder of the forbidden creed no better than a conspirator against the throne, aiming at ascendancy, and the overthrow of peace and order. He had no fears for the safety of the religion of the state, he knew it to be too well secured by law to need any such apprehensions, but he was determined that the above laws should not be infringed at pleasure, and, as far as lay in his power, such offenders should meet the punishment their obstinacy deserved. No second summons was therefore necessary to awaken the energies of a man of this stamp, particularly in a matter so congenial to his taste as that of hunting up and bringing to justice a concealed Jesuit! He entered into the business heart and soul, fully determined that it should be no fault of his, if the law was not carried out to its full extent. As for Humphrey Marsdale, the reader need scarcely be told what engaged his anxious concurrence, he had not forgotten the grudge he owed Sir Algernon on a former occasion, and was gratified that so favorable an opportunity should occur of humbling once more the proud master of the Priory. Merris, the preceptor, followed, as a matter of course, in the wake of his friendly patron. Like him, he possessed many estimable qualities, and, like him, partook of the same patriotic fears, the same aversion to all non-conformists; often encouraging Mr. Marsdale in opinions which both one and the other would

have been the first to lay aside, could they have been made acquainted with their fallacy.

With such accordant spirits as were now assembled together, no time was lost in coming to speedy arrangements, the most suitable to meet the urgency of the case; and they only parted to assemble again in the evening, when their plans for the offender's detection would be finally settled.

From such consultations Mr. Marsdale's daughter was, of course, excluded; such grave matters concerned her not, indeed, her father had ever been most anxious that her innocent mind should not be perplexed with affairs ill suited to her position. Thus had her days glided gently on; she was like the lily of the valley, spreading its sweet fragrance in the quiet shade of her peaceful home, undisturbed by any of those exciting feelings which had occasionally ruffled the elder members of her family. Her time was divided between her attentions to her indulgent parent, and the imparting comfort to those who, weighed down by poverty and sickness, looked up to their young mistress for assistance. A stranger to prejudice, or any such mistaken feeling, she had a kind word for all.

Of the event of the morning, she had been kept in ignorance, but was too acute not to perceive that something unusual had taken place. The thoughtful, absent manner, so different from her father's usual way, filled her with anxiety; and, meeting him accidentally alone, she earnestly besought him to tell her if anything had occurred to give him annoyance.

"Do not question me, dear Alice," said Mr. Marsdale; "my mind is somewhat harassed just now with a multiplicity of affairs, that do in no wise concern you; therefore, amuse yourself with your daily pursuits, dear child, and be not curious about matters that suit not your tender years."

This reply did not satisfy Alice; she begged again that he would indulge her for once, and tell her what had crossed his path to disturb him, feeling confident something unpleasant had done so. Mr. Marsdale made no reply, and Alice, fearing that her importunities might only add to the vexations that already troubled him, said no more; but she was determined, if possible, not to remain in ignorance much longer, and, knowing that the old preceptor was generally to be found alone in his study about sunset, she proposed to herself the making him a visit at that hour, and gleaning from his good nature some particulars of what she was so anxious to learn: accordingly, when the golden tints of the evening sky had begun to redden the old western gallery, Alice made her way down to Mr. Merris's apartment. She rapped gently at the door, but receiving no answer, was on the point of pushing it open, to ascertain whether he was absent or not, when the authoritative tones of Humphrey's voice grated on her ear; she drew back, and finding that her approach had not been perceived, she felt an involuntary temptation to remain a few seconds, and hear what was going on. However, finding that her father and Mr. Justice Sandford were of the party, and conscious that she was not acting an honourable part in thus giving ear to what it was, perhaps, intended she should not know, she turned with the intention of making a hasty retreat, when the following declaration from Mr. Sandford rivetted her to the spot: "It shall be done

this very night. We are more likely to find the inmates of the Priory gathered together at that time than during the busy hours of day. Some pretence may easily be devised for obtaining an interview, and then we may pounce upon our culprit at a moment least expected."

"Do not be too sure," said Humphrey, "the twists and turns of that old building may afford the means of giving you the slip if you do not take every precaution."

"You will have recourse to no unnecessary violence?" said Mr. Marsdale.

"No, no; have no fears on that score. Sir Algernon Trevillers will soon see that resistance is unavailing, and will, no doubt, be ready to reveal the spot of his Jesuit brother's concealment."

"You may have some difficulty with the women," rejoined Mr. Merris. "They will not sit tamely by and see their kinsman carried off without using their utmost ingenuity to prevent it."

"Neither cunning nor wailing can have any effect," added Mr. Sandford, "my myrmidons are of tough materials, and not quickly drawn aside from their duty, particularly by such puny impediments as those to which you allude. Mark my words: this time to-morrow will see our artful traitor snugly caged within the walls of Bodmin jail."

Alice heard with dismay the above conversation. The decisive tone in which Mr. Sandford uttered the last sentence grieved her to the heart. She hastily withdrew, and shutting herself up in her own apartment, pondered with surprise and indignation at the cruel arrangements made to entrap Sir Algernon's unfortunate brother. It was the first time she had heard that such a person existed—her dear Urcella had never mentioned him; but this she could easily account for, and perfectly forgave her for this reserve; all she had now to think about was, whether there was any possible means of thwarting the plans of Mr. Sandford, by giving the family notice of their impending danger. It was a daring and dangerous scheme, but such was her agitation, and so worked up were her feelings, that she was determined to make the attempt whatever the consequences might be. How this was to be effected was a matter of extreme difficulty. There was no one at Tregona who could be trusted on so important an errand. The general sentiments of Mr. Marsdale's household were strongly bent towards those of their master, and would be more likely to betray than render assistance. Still she would not give it up, but turned over in her mind every possible means she could suggest to accomplish her hazardous undertaking: at length she came to the resolution of writing a few mysterious lines, and hurrying herself with them to Mrs. Trenchard's cottage, and forwarding them from thence by Jannett, the old woman's granddaughter. Having thus made up her mind what to do, she lost no time in putting her plan into execution. The evening was already far advanced, and not a moment to be lost. It was a long time since Alice had been to Mrs. Trenchard's cottage: it had become almost a forbidden spot, since it was supposed to serve as a channel of communication between herself and the daughter of Sir Algernon. On approaching the place, she

could not help observing that the pathway had lost much of its usual trim appearance, a certain look of its not having been trodden of late, gave her apprehensions that those she was seeking were no longer there; and so it proved to be, for on reaching the cottage all was closed, and its inmates were gone! Greatly disappointed at this discovery, she ran her eyes despondingly over the deserted building, not knowing what to do. She had already exceeded the time of her usual evening stroll; and should her father unhappily discover the cause of her absence, would he ever forgive her? To know that his docile and obedient daughter was striving to foil the ends of justice, by preventing the arrest of a suspected criminal, would entail consequences she dared not think of. What was then to be done? Should she give it up altogether and hasten back? No—she could not do that. The recollection of her dear Urcella's devoted attachment to her family, and the distress that would overwhelm her should Mr. Sandford's scheme succeed, (for she would not believe her dear father had done more than reluctantly acquiesce) combined to urge her on to make a further attempt; and this was no other than go herself and leave the notice. This plan was accompanied with a thousand risks and difficulties. Alice had never been at the Priory, but she knew the direction in which it lay by its being surrounded by a clump of cedars which, though they concealed the building from the eye, marked the spot where it stood. This group of noble trees, so often pointed out to her by Mr. Treverbyn, when he was expatiating on the beauties of the landscape, now appeared in a straight line before her, and taking them as her landmark, pushed forward, resting her hopes upon the poor chance of overtaking some safe hand to whom she might confide her anonymous billet. The path she was following was a lonely one: and she began to despair of meeting a human being. Still she hurried onwards. Field after field, copse after copse were passed, yet the tall cedars seemed as far off as ever. Her thinly-clad feet were already suffering from the rough stones, which her haste gave her little leisure to avoid.

The evening now began to close in, and the distant trees to lose their sharp outline against the darkening sky, everything bespoke the rapid approach of nightfall. Alice was ready to sink with fatigue. She halted a moment to take breath, when the sound of a horse's foot caught her ear; she looked hastily right and left, and however desirous she had before been for the approach of some human being, a feeling of alarm now came over her, as her eyes fell upon a horseman descending the hill, as seeming to wish to join the path she was following. The seclusion of the spot, the advanced time of the evening, contributed to increase her uneasiness, but it was of short duration, for on passing her by, he took no further notice than by making her a slight obeisance.

"Now or never!" said Alice to herself. "If I let this chance escape me, all is lost; I cannot possibly proceed any further," and encouraged by the respectful demeanor of the stranger, she boldly called after him to stop; and begged him to deliver, without loss of time, a sealed paper into the hands of the master of the Priory.

"I am bound in that direction," said a staid, middle-aged man, "and will execute your command most willingly." He then dismounted, and received the billet; and was on the point of resuming his seat, when he gave a scrutinizing glance at the fair messenger, and observing her fatigued and worn-out appearance, begged to know whether he could further assist her. "If my poor palfrey," said he, "can be of any use, I beg most respectfully to offer it. It is a docile animal, and so well used to the ways that lead to and from the Priory, that when its services shall no longer be required, it need only be left to itself to ensure its return to its usual shelter."

Alice, who at any other time, or under any other circumstances, would have recoiled with dismay at the idea of availing herself of such an offer made by a total stranger, felt at this moment actually grateful for the boon, and in a few seconds she was mounted, and making her way home; this she soon accomplished, and following the instructions of the benevolent stranger, she alighted from her horse, and turning its head towards the direction it had come, left it to find its way back as best it could.

Alice entered the house without being perceived by any one, and hastily gaining her apartment, flung herself on her bed in a state of complete exhaustion. When she had somewhat recovered from her excitement and fatigue, she began to ponder over the results of her arduous exertions. Successful or unsuccessful, she had done her best to save her dear Urcella and the good people of the Priory from their impending fate. And the joy it would occasion, was quite sufficient to repay her for all her trouble. As she was thus soothing her agitated mind, the steps of her father were heard to approach.

"Alice, are you here?" said Mr. Marsdale, reproachfully. "I have been seeking you in every direction. Where have you been?" then suddenly observing her recumbent position, his affection for his dear child banished every other feeling but that of anxiety; and taking her by the hand, inquired if she was ill.

"I shall be better soon," replied his daughter; "a little quiet will relieve my aching head."

"And you shall have it," said her fond and unsuspecting father. "I will see that no one shall disturb you, and imprinting a kiss on the burning brow of his daughter, he left her to that repose which he little dreamt she so seriously needed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE "LAST OF THE BARDS"

"The Irish I admire,
And still cleave to that lyre,
As our muse's mother ;
And think till I expire
Apollo's such another."—DRAYTON : *Polybion*.

DARK though the mists be which time casts around our early history—dim and shadowy though our traditions of the ancient days—yet, however far back we go in the records of old Erin, even to the days of Druid lore, we find traces of high musical civilization, remnants of rhymed chronicles of bard and poet, and hear the same "voice of nations" that had paid tribute to her learning and sanctity, amidst mediæval darkness and gloom.

When we recall the historical pictures of the past, when we let the mind go back, through the long centuries, to the kingly meetings of Tara and Emania, there rises before us at council board and in festive hall the venerable form of the bard, like a messenger of peace amid the warrior nobles, taking his place in the very shadow of royalty, next to princes of the monarch's line, leaning on his golden-stringed clarseagha, with long beard flowing over his chest, and clothed with the many-coloured vesture, which was inferior to that only allotted to men of royal lineage to wear.

This was the recognition of music and song, long ago, in Ireland ; before Mahomet had spread the religion of the Crescent at the point of the sword, before many of the great nationalities of to-day had being ; before Saxon had set foot in Britain, before Rodolph of Hapsburg had founded the Austrian dynasty, or Venice "inscribed the names of her Doges in her books of gold." In fact, it is hard to say where, in the storied annals of our race, we find this enthusiastic taste for music, and appreciation of its power displayed in Ireland. It was there when the Druid lit the Baal-fire on hill-top and watch-tower. It was there when the Celtic Abaris sailed to Italy, six hundred years before Christ, and knelt at the feet of Pythagoras. It was there where Ollamh Fodhla made those laws which have handed down his name as one of the world's wisest. It was there when he who "made the Consul Otius tremble" fell amid the snows of the Alps. It was there when St. Patrick came, cross in hand, to plant the new faith, when the idol fell before the advancing wood, as Dagon fell of old before the Ark of God. It was there, in fine, when Dubtach, the Arch-flea of Leogaire, leaving the temple of false deities, tuned his regenerated harp to the praises of the true "Aosar." And this taste, or rather passion, is still inherent in our land and race, though, alas ! our people's home-songs are oftener those of sorrow than of joy.

A strange page of our history is that which tells of the bardic civilization of Ireland when other lands "lay in darkness and the shadow ;" and though most, if not all, of our early story is hidden and obscured in the shadow-land of fable, resting solely on the slender basis of olden traditions of the pre-historic time, it is most interesting to go back in spirit to those

olden days, when the Druid watched by the celestial fire, or gazed at the silent stars shining in the dream-world of the sky—when the Brehon sat in his stone chair of justice, when the bhardagh shouted the war-song in the battle-fields of contending clans, or chanted prayerful hymns by the sea-shore, to the echo of the sounding waves.

With the creed of our ancestors was connected their music and poetry, and their worship was one singularly pure. They adored a great Spirit that pervaded all things, and stood revealed in all. They saw His beauty mirrored in the blue sea, His glory streaming on mountain top and over the green fields, and felt His power in the storm and thunder. By-and-bye the primitive purity of the old belief was alloyed, gradually a new phase appeared; a new system was developed. When they saw the sun in all his mid-day majesty and splendour, they confounded the material with the immaterial; the create with the increate; they saw the golden rays stretching out over vale and streamlet, and the rippling wave bending up to the kiss of the yellow beam; they saw the green hills look up to heaven like crowned kings, with a glory of a brighter land encircling their brows; and they knelt in lowly reverence to adore the handiwork of the great Spirit, and called it God. After all, it was a sublime impulse—a proof and a promise of a purer life, the trace of Eden in a gross humanity—that then prompted those patriarchs of our race, as well as their Phœnician forefathers, to single out the object greatest and grandest that comes within mental ken, and fix there the seat, and centre, and principle of Divinity. In later times this high-born belief of theirs became corrupted, and the knife of sacrifice was darkened with human blood. The creed of the Druids became degenerate, and remained so till the altars of Baal "paled their ineffectual fires," and their light went out before the orient beam of Gospel truth.

The Druids were divided into several classes, there were the *priests*—the guardians of the mysterious faith, the celebrants of the mystic rites, the preachers and the patriarchs of the land. There were the *clarsagha*, who touched the golden-stringed harps, whose profession was music; the *Brehons*, the high justiciaries of the kingdom, who studied and administered the law, apportioned the *eric* of blood, and were "men wise exceedingly in their generation." Lastly, there were the *Bhardagh*, or *bards*, who presided over history, poetry, and music, who were the repositories of the wild civilization or the time, the chroniclers of the past, who knew all the traditions of Firbolg, Phœnician, and Tuatha de Danaan. They sang of the princely Tyrian coming over the sea in his white ships, coming from beyond the Pillars of Hercules, the *ultima thule* of an earlier day, coming to a beautiful Isle, seated, like a queen on her throne, on the bosom of the Atlantic. They sang the deeds of the mighty men that were—chaunted the "*Rosg-catha*" of battle, and handed down weird legends of antiquity from generation to generation. The *bards* had many privileges. Their dress was peculiar, their persons sacred, their property inviolate, and their names adorned by the distinctions of mind and the honour of intellectual power. The teachers, the musicians, the poets, the historians of the people, their influence for good or ill, was paramount among the Celts.

During the early centuries of our era, while the turmoil and confusion of war shook the whole continent of Europe—while the church was suffering in her infancy, militant against the power of lawless men; while the blood of her bravest and holiest deluged her cradle, and flooded the streets of Rome in one crimson tide; while the Goth and Vandal poured down from the north, on their mission of ruth and ruin; when the mistress of the world was threatened with the destruction that soon came fast upon her, and the new principle of supernal life, that was within her, was fast springing up to that great being that was to overshadow the olden glory of Rome—Erin kept her pure and vestal vigil, awaiting the coming of the glad tidings, preparing silently and solemnly for her new and brilliant destiny, as the teacher, the mistress, the missionary of nations.

When the clouds of Paganism had passed away before the light of the Christian dispensation, the influence of the bardic body in great part remained, the national feeling that even still prompts Irishmen to cling to their olden traditions, have them adhere to the bards who now worshipped at the altar of truth; so great and powerful did this influence become that, in time, it excited the jealousy of chiefs and princes against the unoffending harpers. Irish as well as English monarchs promulgated ordinances against them. One king (Hugh, A.D. 580), with a spirit like that which actuated Edward I. against the Welsh bards, in later times, ordered their utter extinction, but the hand of religion came between them and ruin. The hand bore a crozier, and was that of the sainted Columba. A law of the time of Elizabeth forbade them to enter the Pale. Later, the "Good Queen"—who could relish a love ditty on the virginals well enough, but could not tolerate the war-song, or ballad, that called with trumpet-tongue on the down-trodden Celts to resist her oppression—gave orders to her minions to break the harps and hang the bards. A more cruel sentence than that of Macbeth, who declared that a minstrel should draw the plough instead of an ox. Evil days came upon the land; groaning under oppression, bowed down with the infirmity of fear, humbled to the dust, though yet unconquered in spirit, worn out with intestine wars, and resistance to foreign invasion. No wonder that her old prestige almost faded away, and the Muse winged her flight from the fated land, or wept and wailed over sorrows that it appeared no bravery could dispel, no courage avert. Gradually, slowly, yet surely, the race of bards became extinct. The years have long since passed by when every clan had its lord, every chief his minstrel. The days have come when the *clarsagha* is struck no more, as in the olden time, in praise of ruby wine, or "fayre ladye." The sound of the harp that, erewhile, in the halls of the O'Neills, O'Donnells, O'Sullivans, and MacCauras, "the soul of music shed," is hushed, and its voice passed away, like the spirits of those who loved its tone so well.

Long ago, the last of that princely poet-line lived, and played, and sung, and made men steal back in thought to the far-off days that had gone into the sea of eternity for ever. He brought before them pictures

of the bright-eyed maidens sitting by the Shannon, or the Lee, dreaming wakefully of the loved ones far away, doing battle with the foe, while the gray-beard harper sung the praises of the absent to the tones of his sweet-voiced harp. Pictures of the battle-field, the flashing skian, the pointed spear, and foremost among the warriors, the figure of the bard shouting the "*Rosg-catha*," urging the troops to victory or death; pictures of the carouse, which celebrated the victory; the casque removed, the battle-axe thrown aside, the sword sheathed, the yellow-haired chiefs pledging each other in the cup of triumph and gladness, and the bard, seated amongst the noblest there, singing the glories of the victory in tones of fire.

A worthy descendant of the minstrel race was O'Carolan, "the last of the bards." As long as native talent finds a place in the hearts of Irishmen, as long as Irish genius be admired, as long as Patriotism is a virtue, and Nationality more than a word of faction, so long will the name of this poet, bard, musician live. So long will his fame be enshrined with a nation's pride, deep in a nation's heart. There is no marble tomb over his humble grave, no sculptured stone stretching to the clouds, no Latin epitaph of "learned length," telling how he lived, and wrote, and played, and died; no pension from friends, no three-volume biography from admirers. None of these things were "in fashion" in the iron days when the poet died; but there exists the greater monument of a people's love and remembrance, more noble than marble, more eloquent than epitaph, more faithful than biography; "*ere perennia*."

Carolan was born in the county Westmeath (in 1670), and his family had some centuries previously held extensive possessions in that county. But the woful time came. The gordian knot of law and justice was severed by the sword. Many a noble house of the old Milesian stock, fell to make room for the descendants of Norman knights and Saxon swineherds. The fertile lands and teeming barns proved temptations too strong for the *allies*, whom domestic strife had brought into the land, (the old story of Hengist and Horsa told over again), the followers of Strongbow, or Pembroke, royal cavaliers height, became possessed of the broad lands of the O'Carolans, and were seized in fief of the same, by his most gracious Majesty Henry the Second.

It is often said, that a clever child grows up a stupid man. It is a saying almost as readily believed as the axioms of "Poor Richard," that juvenile precocity is sure to end in a manhood of mediocrity, and that the young flower springing up in mature beauty, is destined either to fade and wither away, or lose its brilliancy and bloom before it reaches its natural summer time. We cannot believe this, surely the history of every art and profession, not excepting the poet-craft itself, affords examples of early talent, developed and displayed in vigorous youth and manhood, strong in disproof of such a theory. The life stories of Mozart, a prodigy at four, and dying in the zenith of his fame, ere his thirty-fifth year; of Ferguson, the boy-philosopher, self-educated and self-trained, of Canova, whose first essay in modelling was made on a sugar lion for a nobleman's dinner-table,

when the young sculptor was only eleven years old; of Giotto the child, found by Cimabue, drawing with charcoal; and Giotto the man, terminating, at the age of sixty-nine, in peace and honour, a life of glory; of Moore, "lipping in numbers;" of Talma, a tragedian at nine, are sufficient to prove, that the prophetic glimmerings of early genius are not fallacious, that early talent does not fade, and die in the bud, that the radiancy of life's morning does not foreshadow a clouded noon, or a dim even-time.

Thus Carolan, like most great geniuses, manifested early the wonderful talent he possessed for music and song; at twelve years of age he began to learn the harp, that grand ancient instrument, sacred to Irishmen, as well because it was the favourite instrument of the Celt, as because it resounded in the temple of Jehovah, and was touched by the hand of a saint. The harp was his friend through life. It accompanied him on his travels to Leinster, Munster, and to the "north countrie." He touched it by the peasant's fireside—he swept its chords in the halls of the noble—now its notes echoed with softening cadence his songs of love, or the praises of hospitality or wine, anon, it thrilled in joyful measure, as the bacchanalian verse fell from the lips of the bard; rang in wild revelry, as he sang of the banquettings of long ago, or throbbed in unison with the swelling of the poet's heart, when he told the glorious deeds of the chiefs of old, and again, lent its plaintive tones to the lament for the lost love, or his heart-touching wail for the friends who had passed from earth.

We are told that he never touched its strings without reaching to the very hearts of his listeners, and the glistening eye and flushed cheek spoke eloquently of the spell he had wound around them. Had Carolan lived in another age, he might have been a Homer or an Æsop. Were his lot cast in more modern times, he might have rivalled a Mozart or a Gluck. As it was, he was a nature-taught songster. Reading his heart like a scroll, and speaking what he saw there, he sang of beauty, hospitality, and wine, and his warblings are still echoed in the hearts of the people.

The bard, as is well known, was blind, like Milton, Homer, and Beethoven. From him was shut out for ever, the sight of blue sky, and green hill, and rushing river, and waving forest, yet, that "inner light which no adversity could darken," looked out on nature, and saw with a poet's instinct, that everything from God's hand was good. Of his misfortune, he himself learned to think, or at least, speaks lightly, "My eyes," he used to say, "have been transplanted into my ears;" and there was not wanting one,* (despite the rejection of his early addresses to Miss Cruise,) noble and disinterested enough to share his lot, the lot of the blind man. A lady of good family and ancient name became his bride, and shared his joys and sorrows, his triumphs and misfortunes, until his death.

Connected with the story of his affection for Miss Cruise, there is related an interesting and romantic anecdote. It is said that, on one occasion, while tuning his harp by the sea shore, a boat approached, Carolan stretched out his hand to help a lady on shore, and as she placed her hand

* A Miss Maguire of the county Fermanagh.

in his, he exclaimed, "This is the hand of my goosip, Bridget Cruise." This incident is enshrined by Mr. Lover, in the beautiful song, beginning—

"True love can ne'er forget,
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My own darling one."

With his fair bride Carolan dwelt for some time in the county Leitrim. At home cards were there and then unknown, the conventionalities (such as they were at the time) of polite society, did not reach far beyond the Shannon, and in his Connaught home our bard dispensed the rights of hospitality with lavish hand after the good old Celtic custom. The generous-hearted bridegroom kept (in vulgar parlance,) an open house, where friend and stranger were welcome. No one ever applied in vain to Carolan for a night's repose, or a passing welcome; be the wayfarer who he might, even the "Sassenach," all were sure of the *cead mille failte*, and the stirrup-cup was ever drunk in sadness.

It is the custom now-a-days, with those little interested in speaking truthfully of Ireland and things Irish, to accuse of the vice of intemperance the bard of whom we are writing. True Irishmen deplore the same failing in him, but not the less acknowledge it; we cannot believe that either party are right, we cannot believe that Carolan was a drunkard. True, he contracted an overweening fondness for alcoholic stimulants, true, his constitution, by no means a strong one, rebelled against an indulgence that would have been innocuous to a stronger man; true, he wanted the moral strength to break off the habit that preyed upon and undermined his health, and the physical strength to continue the abstinence, which at one time he imposed on himself. But that he was a drunkard, that he loved strong drink for its own sake, that he loved whiskey as the sensualist or the sot loves it, we do not believe. Carolan was a poet, that is to say, he was a man of fine instinct and delicate sensibility, a man of tender feeling and strong impulse, with a heart open to the best feelings of our nature, filled with the innate love of the beautiful and the good; and if he loved whiskey, it was because he felt, or thought he felt, it throw a genial warmth through soul as well as body, light up the fire of genius, and sing within him, fill his mind with golden-hued imaginings, his heart with kindling coals of poesy and wit, and his hands with music to the finger-tips—because he thought the spirit of wine crept through every vein, and sent the warm current of his blood bounding along, and fanned every latent spark within him into a glowing light, inspiring the effusions of his poetic breast that throbbed and beat hard, while his song went up to the clouds and the sky, borne on the fumes of *usquebaugh*.

Carolan's married life was a happy one. He devotedly loved the wife who clung to him through all sorrow and suffering, who soothed the heart of the blind man with all the ministering cares of a tender woman. She died in 1733, and the grief of the bard was in proportion to his love. A gloom settled on his spirits, that was hardly removed till he himself bade

adieu to earth; his harp now rarely thrilled to notes of gladness, his cup of joy was embittered, and his life-song became a hymn of sorrow. Not very long after her death, he went on a visit to Mr. McDermott of Alderford, in the county Roscommon, and died at that gentleman's residence, in March, 1788. He was, at the time of his death, sixty-eight years of age. His name and fame are still green in the hearts of the people; but in a neighbouring graveyard, no stone or cross marks the spot where the "Last of the Bards" lies in death's repose.

A word of the music of Carolan. It would be, of course, an unfair test to take up his compositions, apply to them the rules of modern art, and pass judgment accordingly. Carolan, we are told, was quite ignorant of the principles of musical science. Any one who reflects on the state of the art in those days, will not be surprised at this assertion. The Italian school was gaining influence in Ireland's capital, but could not reach Carolan's home in Connaught, and the wandering minstrel had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the ponderous theories which were then accepted as the alphabet of music. Geminiani, at his time, resided in Dublin, and had a very high opinion of the bard's skill and musical talent. On one occasion he played for him a concert of great excellence, but in order to try him, cut out some of the passages and phrases here and there. Carolan detected the faults, and exclaimed: "It is a beautiful composition, but it limps now and then." Most of Carolan's airs are to be found in Edward Bunting's collection of "Ancient Irish Music," also in Duffy's edition of the "Melodies."

There is no finer music, amongst all that has descended to us from our fathers, than those relics of his muse. It is to be regretted that she did not drop more numerous feathers of her dazzling plumage, ere she winged her way to heaven. What songs we have are exquisite. The "Fairy Queen" is one of the grandest and wildest of the bard's airs; it is better known as Moore's "By the Hopes Within us Springing." His "Concerto" is a bold, dashing piece, ringing like a war trumpet, and was composed, by the way, to decide a wager with an Italian artist, whom Carolan defeated in the tuneful strife. Of his planxties, we shall only say, they are calculated to make one feel light about the feet, while the monody composed on the death of his wife, wails and sighs like the wind stealing through weeping willows, as they bend over the silent graves.

An exquisite ear appears to have ever guided his hand and pen. He would listen with wrapt attention to the grand lines of the Mantuan, though totally ignorant of Latin, and often invented sonorous, meaningless words, and poured out those quaint children of the soul in graceful hexameters.

Since his death there have been, from time to time harpers of note, reminding men of the olden day, but the voice of the Irish people for a generation and a-half has declared that the poet-musician line has ended—that Carolan was the "Last of the Bards."

R. W. McD.

PARALYZED INDUSTRY.

At the time when the people of the United States, under the influence of political delusions, are breaking to pieces the ingenious mechanism of their combined industry, it will not be uninteresting to briefly glance at the origin of its various parts. To those, at least, who are aware that the common appetites and impulses of man, by the industry which they excite, are the great causes of all progress, the history of the origin of the visible arts by which wants are gratified and progress is assured, is the most interesting of all histories. Even those who find the causes of such progress in political designs cannot look with indifference on the improvements in those arts by which the objects of the Statesman are attained.

The United States is now in population superior to our home empire, and is consequently to be classed as the fourth, or, if we include China, as the fifth among civilized nations. In its case the origin of various arts, obscure, or utterly lost in darkness, in almost all other cases, is accurately known, and in them we can trace the growth of a great nation back to its very birth. In almost all other instances fabulous ages have been required to bring into existence that greatness which in America has been achieved within three centuries, and the bulk of which has actually grown up within the memory of living men; Lord Lyndhurst may recollect the time when the United States had not four millions of people. And in other known cases, to increase from such a number to thirty millions required ten, twelve, or twenty centuries. Our knowledge of the causes of this difference does not make it less extraordinary. Although we can trace minutely the progress of the material arts by which the rapid growth has been sustained, this rather increases than diminishes our interest in the phenomena. We see them all, from first to last. We have not to hunt for the founder of the nation, for the great law-giver who gave it form and order, for the principles of the design of which it is the realization, for there are none. Adventures in search of wealth, exiles escaping persecution, founding for themselves a new home in a vast wilderness, and tempting others to join them, welcoming the oppressed, and not unwilling to receive the degraded and the criminal—the refuse of old civilization overflowing, without a leader—into a new world, and by the mere force of their necessities, becoming, in an astonishingly short period, a great nation, is the epitome of their history. The origin and progress amongst them of the arts which they must have carried to considerable perfection in order to live, whether imported or native to the soil, has been well explained by Dr. J. Leander Bishop, in an admirable work, entitled “A History of American Manufactures, from 1608 to 1860,” etc., to which we are indebted for many of our facts and dates.

“King” Cotton, as it is now termed from its supposed power over political affairs, was the spontaneous product over many parts of America, and was cultivated in “the old dominion,” as the state of Virginia is familiarly called, at a very early period. It was used for inferior clothing,

and "Virginia cloth," made of cotton, and woven with great taste by the women in country parts, was much prized for the use of slaves. Bounties on linen exported from England checked the colonial industry, though were counteracted by restrictions on raw cotton imported from the West Indies and Brazils. Far from supplying all the rest of the world with cotton, America imported it till 1790. It had made, indeed, an attempt as early as 1770 to send some to Liverpool; but, as late as 1784, the quantity exported was so small that an American ship with eight bales on board was seized because it was supposed to be impossible by our custom-house that so much could be exported from America. In the year 1785, the first bag of cotton was exported from Charleston, a locality which possesses such attractions in its "yellow gals" that now-a-days every melodious admirer of Eithopian minstrelsy expresses his determination to be "off" to it, and which is just at present suffering no small share of the disagreeable vicissitudes which war brings in its train. About the year in question it began to be perceived that the United States "might become a great cotton producing country." The Birdens, or Bordenes, of South Carolina, for the name is spelt both ways, imported the "black seed" from the Bahamas, the species of cotton which until the present fratricidal contest was the great article of export, and invented an improved roller gin for cleaning it. In 1793, the invention of the saw gin by Eli Whitney, who, like other ingenious men, was rather robbed than rewarded for his invention, gave great impulse to the growth of cotton in the States, and enabled them not only to dispense with a supply from the West Indies and the Brazils, but to undersell these countries in all other markets. From that time successive improvements in the operations for cleaning cotton, combined with the "splendid inventions in England for converting it into cloth," have promoted incessantly the cultivation of cotton in America. In 1839, the quantity exported from the States, according to their own statistics, was 1,386,461,562 lbs., valued at 152,000,000 dollars. The growth of manufacturing industry in England is, in fact, fully matched by the growth of cotton in the States. The two went together, and are equally parts of the combined industry, which unites nations, as well as individuals in one productive family. What a pity it is that the criminal ambition or petty caprice of any one or any number should be the means of casting the apple of discord in the midst of their fellowmen, and while severing with the sword a constitution cemented by the life's blood of their forefathers, be the means of shattering—perhaps irremediably—every feeling of international courtesy, harmony, and industrial progress!

Were it possible to bring into one focus all the widely-scattered branches of the various arts employed about metals, and connect each of them with its commencement, we should find, in these arts also, extended and improved as they have been throughout the civilized world since America was peopled from Europe, a growth equal to that of the cotton manufactures. The Americans, need we remark, are skilful workers in metals. They succeed equally in making hatchets and steam-engines; they have great natural advantages both in the nature of their metallic ores and in

fuel; and no other disadvantage, if it be one, than a comparative high price for labour. They need fear no competition. It is, therefore, to be deeply regretted, that their legislature should have imitated the ignorant legislatures of Europe of the last century, and, in spite of Franklin, should have protected native industry at the vast cost or civic estrangement ending in civil war. The Americans were continually outraged for years, and at length driven to separation by restrictions on their industry, imposed by the mother country, and yet they have now blindly and ignorantly inflicted on themselves the evils against which they justly rebelled.

The first vessel, larger than a row-boat, ever built in the United States, was the work of a Dutchman, Captain Andrien Block, at Manhattan river, New York, in 1614. She was called the "Ornest," and was but of sixteen tons burden. It was not until the year 1624 that ship-building began at Plymouth, and now the tonnage of the United States is as large as that of Great Britain, and their sailing, if not their steam vessels, are equal to the finest built in England, or elsewhere. The Americans claim the invention of driving boats by steam. But this is one of those improvements, or applications, of new motive power to old and widely-used instruments, so evidently feasible and desirable, that they are certain to be made in many places about the same time. Questions of priority of invention are of great importance to the individuals whose pecuniary interests or reputation is involved in them; but every real improvement grows so certainly from the condition of society, that the date of its appearance is of much more importance to history than the name of the uncertain and partial inventor. At any rate, our united Transatlantic brethren were the second great maritime power of the world. What they may dwindle to from their present quarrel we cannot know; but it may excite the astonishment of posterity with the present evidence before it of the prosperity they have already attained.

We do not find any record of where the first American wind-mill was built, but the first water-mill was erected at Dorchester, probably as early as 1628; now the number of mills for grinding, sawing, paper-making, etc., etc., are beyond enumeration. The first paper-mill in the colonies was erected at Roxburgh, Pennsylvania, before 1693, by David Rittenhans, from Arnheim, on the Rhine; now above two thousand mills are employed in producing paper on a scale and quantity equal to that of any other country. The first printing-press was erected at Cambridge, where the establishment of a college was provided for, "within eighteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers had trod the rock of Plymouth." There education and printing went hand in hand. In some of the plantations, even in Massachusetts, there was much jealousy of the press, and licensors watched its operations, and determined what should be printed. Now they are unknown, and a printing-press, one of the necessities of modern civilization, is put up in every new settlement more certainly than a grist-mill.

Such is a brief sketch of the rise and progress of manufactures in America. To say that, up to the period at which we write, perfection in any one of them, anywhere, has been attained would be simply to state an absurdity. But it is a melancholy reflection to think that the footprints of

those pioneers who, within a cycle of less than three centuries, placed the broad arrow of civilization and progress on almost every rood of the American continent, should now be threatened with a partial, if not entire, extinction, through the influence of that fratricidal warfare, which, upas-like, casts its lethal shadow over the prospects of a country and a people as fertile and as noble as any in the world. It is—and sorry are we to be compelled to pen the words—the retrogradation of civilization to barbarism—the metamorphose of the peace-loving, earnest-working citizen and tiller of the soil to the whooping, sanguinary destroyer of his kind. What boots it to the world if the ideas of its greatest intellects, and the handicraft of its most cunning artificers, after centuries of probation, find the climacteric of their strength devoted to the destruction of the edifice they had reared with potent intellect and stalwart arm, and far and wide to hear the pleasant sounds of industry hushed in—

“The tumult of each sacked and burning village,
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns,
The soldiers’ revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade—
And ever and anon in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.”

These are the noble words of Longfellow, and we feel a glow of real pride when we think that their author—amongst the first of our living poets—is a native of the country whose scenic features he has limned so well, and to whose people his concluding words are just now so prophetic and suggestive.

“Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease:
And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say “Peace!”

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war’s great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.”

For the welfare of our brethren across the Atlantic, for our own, and for that of common humanity, we earnestly trust that ere long the valleys and plains which now echo the bays of sleuth-bounds and the fierce shouts of angry hosts, may hear once more “Nature’s sweet and kindly voices.”
Ahi!

“Were half the power that fills the world with terror—
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from Error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts!”

LILLIE BROWNE.

BY RUTH MURRAY, AUTHOR OF THE "TWO LENORES," ETC.

II.

FIVE years have passed over George Tugram's head since he left his native town. Foreign travel has changed him somewhat in appearance, bronzed his skin, and given him a more stalwart, manly air. Something else, probably some inward process, has made his eyes graver, and his brow sadder.

He stands on the deck of his ship, with folded arms, greeting eagerly as old friends, the well-remembered wharves and stores, as the vessel moves alongside the quay. Now he has sprung on shore, and, leaving his luggage, has walked briskly to a hotel in a familiar street.

It is evening, and George Tugram sallies out to take a look at old streets and houses, and search out old faces. It is a dull expedition. It is wonderful what changes do happen in five years.

He is standing before a certain house in a certain street. That is Lillie's room with the blind half drawn, where her canary used to hang. He wonders where it has gone. That is Dr. Browne's consulting room, and above it, is the drawing-room, which Lillie used to fill with music, in those evenings,—those long dead and buried evenings.

George walks up and down on the opposite shady side-path, wondering as he goes if he shall summon courage to cross, and knock at the door. We will not pry into the man's thoughts as he passes back and forwards upon the flags, till the light dies, and the dusk grows all down the street. At last he crosses the road, and knocks at the door. It is opened.

"Pray, can I see Dr. Browne?"

The maid looks puzzled. "He doesn't live here, sir, this house belongs to Mr. M——. Perhaps you mean the gentleman who lived here before we came. I believe he was a doctor, but he's dead, sir, he died at Mayfeld, I think."

"Dead! and his daughter, do you know anything of her?"

"I do not, sir, I don't know anything, except that a doctor lived here, who died."

George is punished now, amply punished for his faithlessness and his folly, as he turns down the street, shivering in the summer night.

Dead! and where is Lillie gone? Lillie whom he had so loved, and forgotten for a few months of infatuation, whose image had risen again, and quickly stolen back into his heart, a heart purified by suffering and repentance, whose gentle spirit had borne him company all through his exile, whose light hand had drawn him homeward. And now having come at its urging, feeding on sweet hopes of undeserved happiness yet, to come, thirsting for dear words of forgiveness, he finds only the shadow of a grave.

He knows her too well to fear that she is some happier man's contented

wife. His thought is this, "Lillie has been cast out on the world, to find her own bread, God knows where!"

He thinks of Mrs. West, is she still at Mayfield? But no, George could not meet Mrs. West, still that servant said, "he died at Mayfield!" Perhaps he may there find some clue to Lillie's fate. He returns to his hotel, resolved to set out on the morrow for that white village of the luscious gardens, where the happy days were spent long ago.

It is sunset as George nears the outskirts of the famous wild strawberry wood, where they used to have the merry pic-nics. The banks are all besprinkled now with scarlet, for it is deep summer, and the roads are white. The waves are plashing their old music in the sandy creek, and the little church spire with its ivy mantle is visible above the graveyard trees.

That graveyard George will search it. He alights, sends off his conveyance, and enters among the mounds and monuments.

Hush! there is music, organ-strains, and children's fresh voices coming in gusts through the open choir windows. The organist is practising hymns with the children.

George pauses and listens, and rambles on, with a blinding moisture stealing uncomfortably to his eyes, at every fresh swell of sound that the air brings him. He knows that hymn.

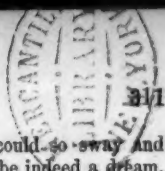
And now he has found what he seeks, a marble slab and an inscription—"Sacred to the memory of Robert Browne, M.D." There it is. And sighs and regrets fall not upon the ears of the dead.

Again the plaintive swell of that hymn—mellow and clear it comes to him, like the utterance of a calm soul that has shaken itself free of earth's troubled shackles, and mounts, mounts through ether, singing its farewell to a weeping world, and its all-hail at the gates of the Crystal City.

They are few who have seen a strong, brave man, weep—weep as women often do, shedding hot running tears, that will escape through the sheltering fingers laced over the convulsed face in the humiliation of grief. None but the birds and the angels saw George's sorrow. It was a gust, and it has blown over. Those who endure with constancy feel that they dare not squander energy upon useless passion. Calm and self-conquered George leaves the grave, and now he is on the threshold of the holy house.

Something good seems to take him by the hand, and lead him in, and point the way to a certain old-fashioned pew. There he had knelt many and many a Sunday, when, as an orphan lad, he had come to spend the sweet summer Sabbaths with kind Mrs. West. There is a lull in the music, and George buries his face in his arm, thinking of the first time that Lillie and he had knelt there together, side by side, and how all the air about him was scented, because of the bit of sweet briar which Lillie had put in the leaves of his prayer-book, on the way to church.

Now, the organ speaks again, and one clear voice takes the lead. A young voice, but not that of a child. What is there in the pure echo of that soft, womanly voice to disturb so the unseen listener? *Who* is leading the children? Whose hand is uttering by the organ's mouth the prayer of that appealing hymn with such exquisite pathos? Is there any



soul but one, which, speaking through music's lips, could so sway and master George Tugram's soul? Oh! cruel dream, if it be indeed a dream.

He leaves the pew, and draws nearer to the choir, with steps unheard in the roll of the music. Yes, it is indeed Lillie. More pale, more spiritual than ever, in the black drapery which sweeps in soft, heavy folds from her slight figure as she sits. There is no mistaking the delicate head, with its wreaths of brown tresses, nor the grave, wistful eyes that are gazing afar off into the dreaming vistas of unrevealed worlds. She sits with parted lips, among the fresh, rosy faces about her, like one whose soul had been swept by music-gusts to the lintel of paradise, and who listened in reverent ecstasy to the whispers of glory, wafted back on breezes of sound by the wandering spirit.

George screens himself again. He hides where he can watch her. For a while it seems joy enough to look upon her, and to kneel down and thank God that his eyes have beheld her again. Oh! the weary days of companionless labour, of hollow pleasure, of unsatisfiable empty-heartedness, since he last saw that pure face, turning from him in the moonlight. What a coward had he been, he the strong man, in comparison with this silent, fragile girl, who had bravely taken up her burden, and carried it with courageous dignity through years of disappointment, sorrow, and death. Her quiet strength had borne her over rivers of bitterness, and through shadowed wastes; and now she rested on a peaceful shore, gazing upon silver clouds, and dreaming about angels.

An orphan in her black dress, she was bravely earning her bread. Lillie Brown, who had delighted many drawing-rooms with her music, had harnessed her genius to a stern purpose, and sat in the choir, and played the organ, and taught the Mayfield children to chant hymns, in order that she might have a roof over her head, and wear the garment of a lady. Yes, Lillie was doubtless now the Mayfield organist. Noble, enduring, dignified little Lillie!

And now the children have finished their lesson; and with a smile, and kind word to each, the teacher dismisses her pupils. Trooping off they go, with careful feet, and whispering voices, till they get out of the holy place, and then with a racing clatter, and merry cries, and snatches of the practised hymn, till the breeze grows weary of carrying their voices so far, and they drop in the distance.

The sun has gone, and taken his pageant with him, and the moon looks forth with a golden shimmer from among the graveyard trees. She gazes lovingly in at Lillie, who lingers still at her organ, murmuring an irregular, melancholy reverie to the stillness, and the empty church, and for the consolation of her own spirit.

"Lillie!"

It is George before her, who speaks.

There is a sudden discord, and a blurr of sound, which quivers and rumbles slowly away into silence.

Lillie is not one who faints at a shock; such people are spared much suspense, much distress, and exceeding pain. It is the striving to realize

the struggling for presence of mind at a sudden and painful emergency that makes its bewilderment of suffering so intense. A swoon covers the difficulty and dispenses with the need of action. Lillie could not faint, she only passed her hand wandringly over her forehead and eyes to make sure it was not a vision conjured up by those haunting strains, through which she had been communing with the past. Leaning heavily on the organ she lifted her eyes again, and realized George seeking her.

She gave him her hand with a hardly assumed quietness and frankness, and strove to bid him welcome, but her lips quivered vainly, and would shape no words. There they stood silent in the empty stillness of the church for moments, which seemed hours, while the moon rose fuller and more lustrous above the trees, and the distant corners of the aisles began to grow dusk.

At last Lillie found her voice. "You are welcome home, George," she said, "I thought you did not mean to return. Your friends must have been very glad to see you?"

"You are the first who has seen me," he said, "if, indeed, I may dare call you friend, after all I have done to forfeit my claim."

"George," said Lillie, with a great sweetness of dignity, "long ago when we met last, we parted as friends. Time surely has not made us enemies. I am, indeed, your friend."

Lillie's words were simple, and her voice was low and quiet; but the colour was going and coming on her cheek with a pallid ebb, and a wild rush; and she leaned more and more heavily on the organ. But George would not now be dismissed by calm conventional sentences. His cheek burned and his eye shone with the fire of suspense.

"Lillie," he said, "I have come on one errand, and that errand is to you. You have spoken of our last meeting, I must speak of it, too. One who was as heartless as beautiful made sport of changing me from an honourable man to a coward with broken faith and word. Her fault is no excuse for my sin. I scarcely ever believed her true, and yet I yielded to her fascination. New fangled with a glittering toy, I let my pure rare jewel fall out of my hands. I was bitterly punished. I quickly saw how hollow was the exchange. When she cast me off to marry a richer man, I had no grief, only shame. I longed to come and throw myself at your feet, and crave pardon and a return of love, but conscience would not let me have the courage to do it. I fled away from home and country. Lillie, may I go on with my story?"

She has been listening with heaving breast and down-cast eyes. She bows her head, and George hurries on.

"No good fortune followed me. Your face, as I saw at last, full of reproach, haunted me night and day. Your face, as I used to see it, loving and bright, would not let me rest, filling me with vain longing, and bitter repentance of my miserable folly. Things did not prosper with me. I had no heart for riches or reputation, and I could not obtain either. I have not the wealth nor position I should have attained ere now, had you been my wife. Life is nothing to me without you, and I have come back

with the wild hope that the past may not be irretrievable. I have found you an orphan, working for bread. I am not rich, but I have enough for simple wants. I can at least, save you from toil; and if a life of devotion can atone for the past, it shall be ardently, untiringly given. Lillie, Lillie dearest, say you may yet be my own?"

She does not speak, she cannot yet. A chill seizes him.

"I see. I was insane to hope. My sin is too great to be forgiven." He moves from her.

"George! George! do not leave me again."

He turns at the pleading voice, to see a yearning, tearful face, and in another moment Lillie is sobbing upon his breast.

Under the starry summer twilight they left the graveyard-gate. Lillie said:

"George, who told you that I was earning my bread?"

"No one, darling; but I saw you at work among your pupils, and I knew beforehand that you could not nor would not live idle."

"You seem very glad that I am so poor."

"Yes, selfish as it may seem, I am glad that I can save you from any trouble or hardship. I believe it would have given me delight to have found you in rags."

"Then you will not be surprised or annoyed at finding my home very poor and miserable?"

"No, darling, no."

Then they went on in silence, round by the borders of the strawberry-scented wood, avoiding the white gossiping street of Mayfield, and reaching the opposite garden road by field-paths and hedge-sides. They went along silently, each heart being too full, having too much that it wished to utter, and unable to think of any one thing which ought to be said first.

"Why are you going in here?" asked George, as Lillie pushed open the side door of a handsome entrance gate, and beckoned him to follow her up the avenue.

"Do you know this place?" she said, evading his question.

"Yes, quite well. It is May Park, Mr. Darrell's place."

"Poor Mr. Darrell is dead. May Park now belongs to a friend, to whom he bequeathed it."

She was bringing him quickly on by the hand, up the avenue.

"But why do you bring me here now? I do not want to visit any one. Why come here so late?"

"I am expected to tea. Mrs. West is here, and Nannie. Don't you remember Nannie Lester? She is married now. Her husband and she are here to-night. I fear I have kept them waiting on me. You will come with me, George? You said you would see me home."

He was puzzled and half vexed; but she coaxed him on. They neared the handsome house, with its stuccoed balconies and portico, its sweeping lawn of velvet green, its gigantic, undulating beech-trees, its draperies of treasilled jasmine and floating laburnum. Mrs. West, graver, more matronly, but kind-looking as ever, was standing, watching for Lillie from

the porch, in the lingering daylight, and the brightening moonlight. Wonder and anxiety were on her face as the two approached, and another change came over it when she recognised George.

Lillie, with a radiant face, placed the hand of her truant lover in that of her friend, and said: "Dear Mrs. West, it is George come home."

Then she slipped past them and escaped into the house.

Mr. West and Nannie's bridegroom were sauntering in the garden. Nannie herself, the new little wife, had come to the window to catch the moonlight upon the entertaining pages of her novel. Again and again she laid it down, and wondered why Lillie had not come home, and puzzled her brains to guess who was the strange man with whom Mrs. West walked up and down so perseveringly upon the gravel.

George must surely have made full confession to Mrs. West, and regained his once large corner in her capacious heart, or she never would have been smiling on him with so much of the old genial cordiality. Many things had been discussed and settled, and now she was saying:

"You should value her, dearly, George, now and for ever. If ever woman was faithful in this world, it is Lillie. She was always much admired and loved by those who had an opportunity of knowing her. Formerly those were few; she was so retiring, and her circumstances kept her so in the shade. But, latterly, since her rich inheritance has brought her before the world's eyes, and given full play to her beautiful tastes and charitable energies, there is no end to the homage she has received. The poor worship her, she is like a child among them; and all the wealth and talent of the neighbourhood have been at her feet. Never was a woman so besieged by suitors, and so utterly regardless of them all."

George has been listening like one in a dream.

"Stop a moment, Mrs. West. Do I understand you clearly? I have been persuaded till this moment that Lillie was at present earning her bread as organist of Mayfield Church. Is this not the case?"

"Organist of Mayfield Church! Yes, surely; but also poor Mr. Darrell's wealthy heiress. Did you really not know this, George?"

"Oh! Mrs. West!"

There was such a deal of bitter disappointment and humiliation in the young man's tone, that his friend checked the merry laugh which had broken forth at his astonished face.

"Oh! Mrs. West, had I known this, could I ever have had the boldness to ask her for the promise she gave me to-night? What will the world say? What will even you and she think?"

"My dear George," said the matron, taking his hand in her fair, soft one, "in spite of your faults, and I always knew you had some, I have known you too well ever to suspect you of being a mercenary lover. As for the world, never heed! There are no people so miserable as those who care too much for the world's verdict. Your own conscience should be enough to content you; and Lillie's full, undoubting trust."

Mistress Nannie dropped her novel in astonishment when George Tugram came into the drawing-room. However, her quick, little feminine

wits guessed at once how matters stood, and her warm little heart gladly overflowed with affectionate greetings and welcomes.

Soon the rambling gentlemen came in. The bride introduced the stranger to her husband as her "dear old friend, George Tugram;" and Mr. West was rejoiced, for many reasons, to see again "that fine, young fellow" whose banishment abroad he had always deplored.

The moonlight had now become so brilliant, flooding through all the windows, that the room was as bright as day. It was unanimously voted that heaven's radiant illuminations should not be quenched by shutter or candle, and in the mellow brightness the urn was carried in, and the company gathered blithely round the tea-table. Nor was the mistress of the house absent. Lillie, who had worn her mourning for four years, so that people believed she never meant to leave it off, now came into the room with a swift, shy step, wearing a robe of pure white muslin. Her face, too, had undergone a transfiguration. A warm flush and happy smiles had taken the place of her former pale, gentle reserve.

It was a happy evening of reunion, never to be forgotten.

Late that night, George and Lillie stood together upon the moonlit lawn. They were saying good-night, but Lillie is saying something else.

"If you love me, George, never hint at this again. You wanted to find me a beggar, but it was not allowed to be so, and your pride must endure the discovery that I am a rich woman. But hear me once for all, George. If you had come to me a labourer, working at your spade, and I had been a queen, I would have come down from my throne and gone to live in your cabin. Now, good-night and pleasant dreams, and don't be late for breakfast in the morning."

It was still five minutes after this, however, when Lillie tripped back over the lawn alone. All her friends promised to meet again for a merry breakfast party at her table next morning. And Lillie slept, the first time for many years, without a pain in her heart or a tear on her pillow. She slept, and was visited by paradise dreams.

THE OLD BIBLE.

WE have memorials, writ in many places,
Pictures, and monuments, and scrolls, and books,
From which the Dead, embalmed in tender shadows,
Speak with us in remembered tones and looks.

A violet in the dripping grass of April,
Sheds sweet associations from its leaves;
And solemn memories shine for us in harvest,
Out of the landscape, rich in golden sheaves.

Death presses on us ever. There's no glory
But hath a mournful and a tearful side—
Some gray reminiscence of Love, recalling
Affections Time and Trust hath sanctified.

A song, a whisper, the light laugh of children—
A faint star twinkling through a misty sky ;
A breeze that shakes the flowers upon the casement,
Are dreams and histories of days gone bye.

Yet most I love the quaintly-mottled Bible,
Wherein, in many hands, are faintly writ,
Births, names, and deaths of the beloved Departed,
Who with their Saviour in his kingdom sit.

Tears have their way. Between me and the parchment,
Weak as I am, there comes a gentle haze,
The long lines flicker into broken fragments,
And, weeping, dreaming, still I sit and gaze.

Here is the record of our earliest darling—
Our gentle Ruth, whom God hath taken away,
Ere years had shorn the splendour from her fancies,
Rich as an orchard, blossoming in May.

Well I recall her—blue-eyed little babbler,
Praying at eve and morning at my knee,
In a faint voice, whose tremulous devotion
Used touch me with its grave solemnity.

Her eyes have feasted on those holy pages,
Her baby hands have turned those brown leaves o'er,
Syllabbling God's promises and mercies,
From the first day 'till time shall be no more.

Well, she is gone—I saw her blanched as linen,
Sleep in her little cot, the sleep of death,
But I could lift my eyes to Him in Heaven,
And there behold her with the eyes of Faith.

Our sweet, dead Darlings—build us steps immortal,
From the green graveyards where their hearts repose,
Unto a fairer height ; and from their ashes
The rosemary of holy patience blows.

My poor, poor boy, you did not die amongst us ;
My bright-haired William, it was yours to die
Far, far from home, where the Bermudas glitter,
Under a baking sun and cloudless sky.

There upon midnight, in the dawn of Summer,
Tempest and lightnings shattered the stout bark ;
And she went down with all her hope and promise,
Into the habitation of the shark !

God comfort me, I cannot help this weeping,
And yet I know God walketh on the land;
His care is infinite, and He upholdeth
The waters in the hollow of His hand.

And I am blind, and will not dare unriddle
The Providence that worketh sure and wise,
In wonderful, dark ways that but perplex us,
Seeking to fathom them with human eyes.

O Lord! receive my trust—he hath not perished,
For him doth live thine all-atoning grace;
And, with the prophet, I believe hereafter,
He shall behold his Saviour face to face,

In the bright kingdom where no tempest rageth—
Where no heart-breaking separations be,
Where Love divine, unlimited, transcendent,
Shall be the lamp for all eternity.

O husband, O my own, my darling Charles,
Your very name, dear love, is writ in tears—
Blotched deep with agony—for I remember
That dismal day through all the after years.

I did not dream that death was at our threshold,
I did not think that you should die so soon,
When all the world outside was life and sunshine,
And by your bedside were the flowers of June.

You held my hand in yours—your eyes were lustrous,
And then I thought your hand grew damp and cold:
I kissed your brow, and said, "Love, speak unto me."
Sudden the Summer wind the curtain rolled

Back from your face. "My God—not gone for ever!
So good, so young, so loving—call him back!"
O wretched world, without a gleam of sunshine
Beaming through grim affliction's cloudy rack!

O pity, pity for the hopeless hoper!
O balm for the poor heart that will not break,
But looks on glazed eyes that shall not open,
And listen for the voice that shall not speak.

Crushed by the misery of my bereavement,
I could but sit and stare—tears would not come;
Graves yawned around me wheresoe'er I turned,
Passionless, comfortless, purposeless, and dumb.

And I forget that God was looking at us,—
Looking down merciful on our despair—
Forgot that, at that very hour, the heavens,
In my beloved, had crowned another heir.

Then from the little chapel in the meadows,
I heard the tender voices of the choir :—
“The spirit shall return to Him who gave it,
God trieth humbleness of heart in fire.”

And, touched by the compassion of the anthem,
Upon your pulseless breast my head I laid,
Fell on my knees, beside the bed of mourning,
And, in my piercing anguish, wept and prayed.

Prayed for forgiveness—prayed for resignation,
The silver chord was loosed to knit no more ;
The golden bowl was broken at the cistern ;
But He who made and fashioned could restore.

And soon the radiant and peace-bearing angels
Ministered invisible unto my grief,
And I arose and faced that awful sorrow,
With tears that blinded whilst they brought relief.

Time softens down our cares ; the tempest vapour,
That makes the noonday sun its baleful guest,
Flies far, and turns to sapphire and vermillion,
At evening time above the glowing west.

Thus the worst griefs that darken our existence,
Take gentler hues and shapes as we decline,
And see them changing, in the light of patience,
To pathways leading to a world divine.

Dear, holy Book, beside the tear-stained pages
That chronicle the graves mid which I sit,
Shine the fair leaves in which, in words unfading,
God's holy promises are sealed and writ.

Knowledge and bitterness increase together ;
But they are wise who, trusting in thy word,
Lay down their burdens at the feet of Patience,
And wait for resurrection in the Lord.

TOO SHORT BY HALF.

THAT we do get along somehow is pretty certain, with a good deal to get through, and a great deal to get at. Our hardest work, or our pleasantest pastime is chequered in various ways by many drawbacks and interruptions. And not the less do they despoil us of our equanimity, perhaps even of our very amiabilities, that they originate not unfrequently with ourselves. You, for instance, purpose an excursion. You have anticipated the pleasure for many days before. Your baggage wants nothing in completeness, down even to the nic-nacks of portable stationery, and a courier-bag full of coppers. The day dawns auspiciously, you are up early, and are full of jokes and banter. Appetite and breakfast have alike vanished, and you have given the finishing stroke to your toilet. For the first mile the old nag goes well, but it suddenly comes to a stand-still, and refuses to proceed. The potent incentives are vigorously applied but to little purpose, and, at last, it sets off at such a doggedly slow pace, that you are certainly put out of temper, and begin, at last, to feel you will be put out of time. At length, having escaped the dangers of some obtrusive curb-stones, and disturbed the peaceful pursuits of numbers of grave-looking way-side geese, you all at once gain a distant view of the pier, and arrive at the landing-place in time to observe the steamer wearing round into the open sea. Not knowing at the moment precisely what you are about, you think of shouting, but, abandoning that impulse, you spasmodically mount the top of your vehicle, and madly dashing your hat on the end of your umbrella, gesticulate a signal of distress, which the tranquil, punctual people on board fancy a frantic effort at an affectionate adieu, and respond accordingly. But for that old nag which turned up at the eleventh hour, and which never once occurred to you as a possible intervention, you had not missed the steamer, and lost your temper for a week. For a moment you survey with chagrin, the departing boat, and contemplate with a scowl that wretched old brute, looking so placid in its delinquency, as the immediate cause of your discomfiture, till, calming down to a little reflection, you come round to the notion that, perhaps, you did not leave a sufficient margin for those possible contingencies which determine the good fortune we enjoy, or the ill-luck we deplore. Human destiny is not determined merely on great occasions, and by great events, but chiefly by some of that legion of little things whose ever-active and ever-present agency it is unwise to disregard as trivial and common-place. It is, perhaps, for this reason that we always assign to the future the task of supplying the deficiencies of the present, and repairing the losses of the past—that we are constantly apologizing to success, and making vows of some prospective activity which is to turn the tables on ill-luck, and to send us back waving in triumph the crutch that helped us at the outset to hobble on our laborious journey. It is possible that these drawbacks are the inevitable waste of action—the loss occasioned by converting what is raw into what is ready for use—the dead and we must offer to the Fates. Bibbins, after weeks of anxious solicitude, has, at last,

resolved to do a little in the holiday line by taking a three hours' journey to a place for a three days' sojourn. Bibbins has the evening before announced to a select circle of his friends, his intended journey. He has taken a formal and tender adieu of each, and speaks of his return as a thing of the future. It is evident that Bibbins is a tyro in travelling, and has some indistinct notion of the importance attached to the character of tourist which he essays very largely on the following morning when, staggering under the weight of a patriarchal carpet-bag, a ragged urchin follows at his heels, while he himself pants up the railway-stairs, and emerges on the platform in a highly excited state, with a huge wrapper pendant from his left arm, and a bundle of fasciculi, in the shape of an umbrella and three walking sticks, in his left hand, and in his right a huge paper parcel, a fishing-rod, a hat-case, and a whining terrier. A deep-drawn respiration, and an expression of relief follow the hurried deposit of his impediments. Bibbins, somewhat out of breath, is not out of consequence, but boldly paces to and fro as he adjusts his gloves, or dons his cap, in the fashion of a man about to take part in some coming encounter. With an air of importance he addresses frivolous questions to the guard, rates the poor, perspiring urchin for his negligence, takes the book-stall by storm, and re-appears on the platform, perusing the *Sporting News*, and, at intervals, casting killing glances into the first-class compartments. There is little more heard or seen of Bibbins till, at a station, a hundred miles from home, he is heard threatening vengeance on the railway company, and, in the next, frantically pursuing the retreating train with the cry of, "Stop guard! my bag! my bag!" He returns from his vain pursuit, deeply impressed with the idea that with less baggage he might, as he fancies, have diminished the appearance of importance, but that he would have had fewer cares and less vexation.

But it is not merely in the thousand and one little incidents of life to which these drawbacks so pertinaciously adhere; in the infinite variety of human character they may be found equally abundant and equally destructive; and, indeed, it is not a little admonitory to observe how the gap of some amiable weakness, or the narrow fissure of a venial neglect may widen, by insensible degrees, into the yawning chasm of positive delinquency. Of drawbacks to completeness, which are the result of indolence rather than of anything less pardonable, we have instances in every-day conversation or correspondence. "Excuse this hurried scrawl—fuller details in my next," writes your correspondent, but the details never come, and the hurried scrawl is again repeated, and again asked to be excused. Two friends engage in mutual conversation, and, with that delicious immunity to exactitude which familiarity enjoys, a great part of the conversation, is altogether elliptical. Sentences are begun on both sides, which are never intended to be finished. The one tells the other about something, or some one that was so like something, or some one else. "Indeed, just as like as—," and here there is a pause; and, if the "two peas," of immemorial usage, do not roll in his way, the other is left to conjecture the extreme likeness of the two things by an unassisted effort of imagination. This consciousness of incompleteness is both more permanent and more

prevalent than one would at first sight suppose. You never meet a man in a state of healthful activity and tolerable hopefulness, occupying an obscure or equivocal position, who does not volunteer the remark that he is there only temporarily—that his friends are interesting themselves in his behalf—and that nothing but an irrepressible love of occupation would lead him for a moment to dim the irreproachable family escutcheon by even a temporary obscuration.

It is tolerably plain that the world has not been furnished with much else than half-characters. There is so much power which indolence or modesty leaves undeveloped, and so much reputed wisdom, but the gloss of folly, that one might, with a suitable half-eye, observe that this possibly forced itself on the attention of those allegorical artists who first, in toga and cincture, drew the dumb centaur or the beckoning siren. Half characters truly! How often half-man and half-fool, or half-man and half-brute! how often half-woman and—— No! we will not dare the ire of countless better halves, or the unappeasable wrath of infuriate parasols. But, half-good, half-great, half-commended, half-regretted, is not the world full of this fractional humanity, and not the knight of the thimble only but the fraction of a man? With what pitiful facility the character is disintegrated may be daily witnessed in the sudden, and sometimes contrary, changes produced by solitude or society, by privacy or publicity, on the conduct and bearing, the sentiments and language, of individuals. At home, Tomkins is a good, quiet fellow. In his slippers and morning gown, or, for that, in his shirt sleeves, at full length on the sofa with his pipe, few pleasanter; he has a joke for an acquaintance and a song for a friend. Tomkins out for the day is an altered man. He carries a riding-whip daily, and hires a horse once a month for two hours; he calls what is respectable slow, and what is good stupid. He luncheons at a tavern on a sandwich and bitter beer, and during the process picks a quarrel with a stranger, Brandwig by name. Brandwig is what is usually styled a fire-eater, and Tomkins is not. Tomkins would seek the protection of the law, but his comrades are about, and that would look sensible, and consequently not the thing. Tomkins sees matters rapidly approaching a crisis, and feels secretly inclined to run away, but Tomkins has not the courage to be called a coward, and Society is at his side, or at least he thinks so, and while his heart is sinking, Society, the great prompter, prompts Tomkins to keep it up, and so Tomkins does, and gets down thereby, and is put out in consequence, discovering that Society has dyed his cambric of a claret colour, and for the day spoiled his capacity for making use of his eye-glass. If, in society we are prompted to appear what we are not, or feel impelled not to be what we really are, it is at home we throw down the mask and kick off the buskins. If Browne really likes a little mustard with his lamb, and thinks it wholesome, too, why does he eschew the mustard-pot when he dines out? If Jenkins does not scruple to blow the fire when he is alone, why does he drop the bellows, and, assuming dignity and composure, seize "Locke on the Understanding" at about the tenth chapter, when Robinson looks in? Snooks has dropped

his bandana, and for the nonce averting his head, makes use of his coat tail; what is that to the world, it is as good any day as his coat sleeve? Wiggins meets you on a frosty morning, and shakes you painfully by the hand, much in the same way as one seizes a pump handle—asks you why the deuce you never come down his way—tells you when the snow is coming down that he has got a capital garden, and that when you do look in he will be able to give you a fine bouquet when the flowers are in season, and as much fruit as you choose when it is ripe. Wiggins is by no means a singular individual in society; in fact, very respectable people do a little in Wiggins' way as often as they sign themselves the obedient servants of those whom they have with the same stroke of the pen dunned, or derided, or denounced.

If you will register the virtues, and I the vices, foibles, and deficiencies of our fellows, say respectively in day-book and night-book, I doubt your having the hardest work and I the sinecure. But the strangest thing of all is that nobody seems at all conscious of his weaknesses or short-comings. Commission the rarest wit or the keenest satirist of the lightest touch and most ubiquitous agility, with the shaft of ridicule whetted to the thinnest point, and let him so armed alight upon a crowd of *sans culottes*, or fling himself amongst the throng at Almack's, and there is no one who would not resent the touch, if even Prospero or Ithuriel made the pass. Look there while Momus mimics you from that upturned cask in the market-place; that is you—and you—and you. "My goodness, what a face," you say, and, indeed, it is a face you have often made but seldom seen, for we do not consult the mirror when hate distorts the visage, and the tongue goes with the pulse at fever pace. Tell that mendacious shrew of the pitiful end of a hen-pecked husband, and she will utter a malediction on the wretch that caused his ruin. Whisper, Nathan-wise, to the nice young man of the latest tea-fight the story of a man who sacrificed an old friend to tailorly propensities, and he will thank heaven that he is no subb. Nay, it is not out of the pale of probabilities, that the baldest man shall be the first to comment on Dobson's curls, and apostrophise his lucky stars upon the fact of his having no locks to tempt him to such folly. A positive conscious deficiency shall sometimes become a matter of positive jubilation. On the matter of scholarship in general, Grimes thanks goodness that he at least is no pedant, and that you might hang him if he could say whether the Ides were ever raw or tanned. There is but one condition in which a sense of deficiency becomes a virtue, or even a heroism, when whatever enterprise, hazard, or attainment that wins the welcome of applause, is considered by the doer as only the repeated work of a first moment's impulse or of an hour's necessity. Do not compliment the hero of a hundred fights upon his valour, or the master of a score of tongues upon his erudition, or the dispensator of a thousand benefactions on his munificence, if you would not be avoided for officiousness, for the higher sense of duty, not cognizant of much merit, would, in the humility which is never absent from greatness, rather avoid than invite laudation. To most of us—to those loveless, unsympathizing, passionless souls of ours,

a seductive sense of repletion lulls us into a tolerably agreeable satisfaction with small things. Here and there may be a great void, but no disturbing sense of vacuity, such as sometimes visits the outer man, when the hour of dinner comes, regardless of the state of preparedness of the baked meats. A little bluster, when there is nothing to fear, will soon present us with a hero. A rickety wherry, with the rapid growth of Jonah's gourd, shall grow up into a full-rigged yacht, under the volubility of a nautical landsman, and in the hands of a swaggering simpleton, who could not tell you whether Moselle were white or red, the furtive bottle of Cape will become but a drop from the cask of Amontillado, stored in the cellars below. It is no wonder that the scanty coverlet of respectability sometimes refuses to fold round two characters, and that with vanity, and ostentation, and deceit, pulling round by selva and hem, it rends up with a great noise, and reveals what we had struggled to conceal. Thinking thus, to-night, I look from the window of my silent attic, right between two great gray gables, and through a rift in the trees I see the broad autumn moon, mottling the valley with light and shade, and reflect as I look, that that bright satellite is but to us an unchanging half, resolved to keep the world in the dark, as to what strange things may lie upon the hidden side; and that too "the great globe itself," is but a sphere partitioned into two great hemispheres of day and night.

A GROUP OF HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

BOSSUET, CROMWELL, AND MILTON.

HISTORY, which is only a consecutive narrative of events, fails to fulfil its noblest function. It furnishes immense back-grounds, but, to understand them, we require the living presences by which they were shifted and lighted. The hero is the key to his actions; and, wanting him, we lose all comprehension of the drama, in which he represents both chorus and catastrophe. Human interest takes little delight in those misty panoramas of incident, from which the earliest voices of civilization broke upon the world. The temple stands and the city wall is perfect; there are graphic records of battles, sieges, and triumphs remaining in the grim vitality of florid pigments; but the name of the victor is lost, and the foundation-stone has absorbed the coins and parchments which were to commemorate the glory of the builder. The more history is individualised and brings us nearer to its actors, the more profound must be our sympathies with the fortunes of the nations, of whom it is alike the monument and record. The perspective diminishes, and we are face to face with men and women, of whom urns and painted coffins are the only vestiges. A coin struck during the ascendancy of Cleopatra fetches a thousand guineas; and the world hocks around the block upon which Charles I. perished, to uphold the sanctity of irresponsible taxation.

M. Lamartine, who occasionally suspends his eternal psalm of mendicancy, that he may enrich Europe with fine thoughts, clad in language of costly stateliness, tells us he is actively occupied in writing universal history on these principles. History in his hands shall be transformed into a vast portrait gallery—a stupendous Valhalla, in which every god and hero shall relate his own story. The plan is admirable. A series of biographies, ranging from Nimrod to the first Napoleon, would contain the pith and essence of the fortunes of the human families, if the materials for such a work are in existence. We speak cautiously; for M. Lamartine is not a man to be daunted by absence of facts, whilst he can imagine incidents equally effective. It would be hard to forget the atmosphere of refined trivialities, in which he has enveloped the last hours of Mary of Scotland—the results of a vision so microscopically clear, that the stains on the royal ruff and the number of teeth in the royal hair-comb are catalogued with edifying exactness. In the great circle of literature he has no rival in the art of gold-beating. His dexterity in that craft is something to be marvelled at; with him a bead's weight of true metal covers a square league of doubt with a superficial resemblance to truth. It is to be feared that his is not the hand to write universal history with that care and conscientiousness the task requires. He may fill his Valhalla with forms of grandeur and loveliness, but the student searching for truth, will pronounce the vehicle at fault, and the portraits hypothetical.

Independent biography, which seeks no explanations from an anterior past, but is the pedestal of an isolated greatness, opens a proper field for the speculative and discursive tendencies of M. Lamartine. This truth appears to have been recognised by himself, and accepted in the most practical sense, for he has given us a book as a proof of his sincerity. “Celebrated Characters,” is a work in which the sensitive, emotional genius of the great Frenchman, found a congenial channel. Any other living writer would be thoroughly exhausted by the outflow of passion and sentiment of alternate praise and invective, of veneration and hate, which spreads itself over those pages. Reflection is piled upon reflection, hypothesis upon hypothesis; at times the language is rich and sonorous as an evening canticle; by-and-bye angrily agitated into a shriek of reproach or malediction. That the writer has anything like a fixed system of opinion, we gravely doubt. He revels in contradictions so obvious that they cannot be otherwise than visible even to himself. His attachment to Catholicism is ardently professed in one page, whilst in the next he ridicules Bossuet's famous apostrophe to the centre of unity, and sanctions his attempt made, at the instigation of Louis, to transfer the church of France to a purely Gallican basis. It may be possible that M. Lamartine does not perceive the inconsistency of his avowal and his panegyric, or that he is intent on carrying hero-worship to extremes, even to the risk of his own reputation. Nor is he more fortunate in his magnificent estimate of Bossuet, in which he sums up his general character in the word Priest; and the part which the illustrious divine is made to play between Mademoiselle de la Vallière and the King Louis XIV., whose passions were constantly agitated by extreme

caprices of sensuality, had grown weary of La Vallière, and fascinated by the graces of Madame de Montespan. To relieve himself of the former, he employed Bossuet to induce her to retire into a convent; and, according to M. Lamartine, the royal wishes were unhesitatingly complied with. The rejected instrument of the king's pleasures, still in the flower of her youth and the freshness of her charms, was consigned to the cloister. The queen's hand placed "the mortuary veil" upon her head, and Bossuet, from the pulpit delivered one of those inspired outbursts, in which he seemed to rise above the level of human genius, and to be prompted by the angels. Madame de Montespan, whose husband was living, succeeded immediately in the royal affections, and this is the short history of an infamous transaction, in which we are called upon to believe that the greatest mind in France became the willing tool of a low despot. M. Lamartine does not utter a word of reproach; he persists, on the contrary, in leading his idol into the holiest recesses of the sanctuary; still sees the mystical stone blazing on his robe, and the cloud of the Presence hovering above the ark. He attempts to palliate Bossuet's share in the proceeding by telling us that "the strictest ministers of the church lived in this atmosphere of criminal indulgence; they drew a veil over their eyes, that they might not behold such glaring violations of the sanctity of their order." Further on, there is a fresh attempt made to explain Bossuet's complicity. He had not accomplished his work by placing the first favourite on the road to heaven by means of the second. He wished, in addition, to purify the court, and to tear Madame de Montespan from the king's embraces. Giving the eulogist all credit for the ingenuity of this apology, it is worth the trouble to follow him to that period when Louis grew indifferent to Madame de Montespan, and cast his foul eyes upon the widow of the celebrated Scarron. Here again, we are told, Bossuet set at work to induce the second favourite to withdraw from court. His mission failed; but ill-treatment joined to contempt subdued Madame de Montespan. She left Versailles and died of grief and mortification. How does M. Lamartine reconcile the priestly purities of his hero with these acts? He represents him as "the dupe of his own virtue and of the interested motives" of an ambitious woman. He thinks this a sufficient vindication, and passes on to the next topic with unruffled complacency. We dare not travel so fast. A pure reputation has been soiled, and a wounded conscience demands satisfaction. When M. Lamartine recurs again to those disgraceful intrigues, he will do wisely if he come to the conclusion that his hero was neither a tool nor an idiot. The story is capable of better explanations. When La Vallière retired, Louis's queen was living, and Bossuet trusted she would be restored to her rights when the guilty impediment was removed. The king's passions foiled the hopes of the sanguine divine; and a new distraction slipped between the monarch and his conscience. Bossuet protested firmly but respectfully. He denounced the fresh departure from the laws of the gospel, and bewailed the fact that persistence in guilt had taken the place of atonement. Louis listened, wavered, and finally consented to the banishment of Madame de Montespan. Scarron's widow was in the ascendant at court; the king turned to her,

but her inflexible virtue resisted the temptation. The queen was dead; it was time to put an end to scandals which outraged the church and demoralized the people. Bossuet suggested the only remedy, and Madame de Maintenon, though of plebeian blood and mature age, became the wife of Louis XIV.

The warm attachment of Bossuet to Fénelon is a touching and melancholy episode in the lives of the two eminent men. Fénelon was the disciple, Bossuet the apostle, whose rank, talents, and glory elevated him to a height which the other loved to contemplate with a reverence in which awe contended with affection. Bossuet, much as he loved the silence and retirement so congenial to his profoundly meditative nature, was frequently drawn into the political storms of the day. He was the panegyrist of dead royalties, every one of whom sleep under the everlasting flowers which his liberal genius scattered upon their tombs. When disputes broke out between the Sovereign Pontiff and the French king, backed by the French episcopacy, he was selected to preside over the council of the National Church, and subsequently to maintain in person its alleged privileges. Like his predecessors who had combined the two-fold character of priest and statesman, he experienced the ingratitude of kings. The Archbishopric of Paris was the desire of his heart; it was denied him, and he had to content himself with the prelacy of Meaux, a position by no means equal to his zeal, or consistent with the reward due to his services. Never repining, never complaining, for a noble pride sealed his lips, he felt, notwithstanding, a passionate sense of injustice; and with a heart loaded with griefs he threw himself for repose upon the bosom of Fénelon. The strong leant upon the weak, and, for a while, the trust was not disappointed. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the genius of the two friends. There was congeniality of heart, but none of intellect. Bossuet's finest inspirations arose from the contemplation of suffering, or the agony of irremediable loss. He preached the gospel of affliction; he touched bereavement, and transformed it into gain. Fénelon's heart and imagination were in advance of his reason, and dragged it in their train. With him religion was a divine poem, resonant with canticles, and sweet with the odours of shrine and chancel. He worshipped in allegory; and God to him was a beautiful incarnation of sanctity, around which, like so many splendrous emanations, gathered the hierarchs and the hosts of heaven. He would not reduce faith to a statute; while Bossuet relied on systematic symmetry of belief and hard outline of adoration. In these contradictions we have the key to their melancholy estrangement. It is not clearly shown that Bossuet was not jealous of the disciple's popularity with Madame Maintenon, who did not hide her preference for the mystical believer. Fénelon was admitted into the circle of hypocrites and devotees whom the new queen gathered around her at Versailles, and by whom reason, revelation, and destiny were discussed to perilous lengths. With him, too, was admitted Madame Guyon, a creature constantly shrouded in the haze of religious metaphysics, and the reputed object of divine manifestations. She was beautiful, eloquent, and mysterious. Her book, "The

Torrents," took Paris by the ears, and a woman who dared to expound moral perfection, in language of the grossest sensuality, was fêted, caressed, all but worshipped, by a large community of neophytes. Fénelon, with the strangest inconsistency, recognised her as the Sybil of Christianity; and adopted her doctrines without thought or reservation. Bossuet felt the church was endangered by this wild example. In a tract, whose bitterness of reproach was blunted by the vestiges of a dying friendship, he denounced Fénelon, and razed his pretensions to the ground with unanswerable logic. Society beheld its two champions in conflict. Fénelon fought for his reputation, Bossuet for the church. Telemachus had been ushered into the world with the first clash of their weapons; and its appearance gave a deadlier tone to Bossuet's animosity. He ridiculed the book as a fable—worse, as a satire on the reign of Louis XIV. Rome was appealed to, and he triumphed; whilst Fénelon went to cherish his dreams in the disgraceful atmosphere of a compulsory retirement. But the war did not end with this catastrophe. When the bishops condemned Madame Guyon, the exile, contrary to his promise, refused to subscribe to their decision. He even went to the length of supporting her theories in a memorable volume, known as the "Maxims of the Saints." Again he was assailed by Bossuet, to whose taunts he replied with an ascerbity rendered doubly bitter by the remembrances of their attachment. At last the gladiators separated. Bossuet extended the hand of reconciliation to his antagonist for seven long years; it was never accepted; death ended their estrangement.

The closing years of his life were worthy of his eminent manhood, in keeping with the lofty dignity which invested him like a robe, from the day he preached his first sermon in a fashionable *salon*, to that which saw him reposing in his coffin. He read the gospels continually, seeming to derive the fortitude which holds death of small account from the pages of the prophets and evangelists. He slept little; his lamp burned from sunset until sunrise, and was known to the peasants of the district as *the star of my lord, the Bishop*. "Enveloped," says his secretary, "in the skin of a bear, the hair turned inside, his feet uncovered, his head whitened by the snows of age, and his tall and meagre figure, he resembled the prophets whose verses he was continually employed in commenting on and repeating." Before day-break he rose to chaunt matins, as if God was nearer to him in the holy twilight, before the distractions of the earth intervened between his Master and his soul. Poetic compositions, few of which have been preserved, beguiled his time and provided outlets to his imagination. Laughter was displeasing to him; jests were his reprobation, seeming to him proofs of frivolity and shallow-mindedness. Fever smote him, and he died murmuring, "*Vim patior, sed scio cui crededi.*" M. Lamartine dismisses him with these remarks: "Bossuet is, in fact, his own monument. His nature was so exalted that it has survived and will continually survive his works; it was the reflected grandeur of God, not his own. His was the most flowing, the most imaginative, the loftiest, and the most persuasive eloquence with which Providence has ever gifted the lips of man. His glory is so incorporated with that of his

country, that to diminish it would be to deduct something from the majesty of French genius. His name resembles the summits of the Alps or the Himalaya, enveloped with snows or storms, uninhabitable by man, but which constitute the renown and pride of the countries overshadowed by those lofty ridges, and which serve to demonstrate how nearly earth can approach to the elevation of heaven."

We can forgive M. Lamartine many failings, but his credulity is unpardonable. That excessive desire to oblige, which opened his ears so readily to the liars and cozenors by whom the French republic was surrounded in "Forty-eight," remains to damn his highest labours, and render obvious truth from his lips suspicious. He suffers himself, with a dependence of which genius is seldom guilty, to be led into inconsistencies, frequently amusing, but as often deplorable, by any one with a loud tongue, a solemn quaintness of expression, and a bold declaration of veracity. Cromwell is recommended to him as a hero of the noblest type by no less notorious a muscle-worshipper than Mr. Thomas Carlyle, and directly he trims his lamp, and lights his incense with all the faith of a pious believer. He places his hands devoutly on the feet of the shrieking regicide, and addressing himself to posterity, exclaims—"Behold a man." Cromwell, if we accept M. Lamartine's opinions, has been badly used. To call him a hypocrite offends the conscience of this over-sensitive Frenchman, who has discovered, through Mr. Carlyle's spectacles, that he was a sincere religionist, or to carry the panegyric, little short of blasphemy, "a JUDGE of the Old Testament." Where M. Lamartine praises, encomiums fall "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." He delights in superlatives, never betraying the fear that to be extravagantly laudations is to be simply ridiculous; or that Hercules in court breeches and cocked hat, is a whit less heroic than Hercules armed with the club and clothed in the lion's skin. Idolatry of greatness is his creed; and in the exercise of his faith, he is prepared, provided the materials be supplied, to elevate any scoundrel whatever, from the Protector of England, down to Castlereagh the suicide, to the pedestal of perfection. Surely the world, against which he declaims with such frequent bitterness, is not so thoroughly destitute of genuine greatness, that he is obliged to play the part of *femme de chambre* to the illustrious vagabonds of history. Cromwell a sincere religionist! The idea must have descended from Pym to Mr. Carlyle, from Mr. Carlyle to M. Lamartine, and from M. Lamartine to any one foolish enough to believe him. We do not, and from very rational motives. We believe Cromwell began as an impostor, and ended as a fanatic, whose vehemence was tempered by cowardice. The man's nature was alien and meditative, a disposition increased by the sombre associations of his youth. Mr. Buckle and M. Lamartine agree in thinking that tempers, habits, and opinions, are largely moulded and characterized by the ever-recurring influences of surrounding nature, and Cromwell is introduced to illustrate a law which is, at the utmost, purely empirical. His mind reflected the gloom of the scenes of his early life. His horizon rested for the entire circle upon forlorn marshes, dotted with wizard-like trees, and intersected by sluggish streams, or broad pools of stagnant water. Human

voices seldom interrupted the almost conventual silence of his house, a building, we are told, resembling the ruins of an abandoned cloister. There were few leading objects within range, except the miserable cattle which subsisted on the bitter grass of the morasses, or troops of herons, sailing through an atmosphere choked with eternal fog, and loaded with miasmas. In the midst of this unvarying desolation, the man was born, and there he developed that terrible austerity of heart and intellect, which made him the reliance and the terror of his contemporaries. The Bible was his library, and in his studies of the sacred word he obtained the fervent assistance of his wife, an amiable zealot, but a good woman. They did not seek fame, it sought them out, and raised him with one effort to the rank of legislator. Shabbily dressed, vulgar-looking, uncouth of language, awkward of movement, and careless of pleasing, this plain country gentleman, whose life was a repetition of the psalms, came up to London to blackguard the Parliament, and murder the king on the 17th of March, 1627. Charles I. was even then in difficulties with the Commons. They murmured against Strafford, and thirsted for his blood. The cry was re-echoed from Ireland, where the excesses of the minister excited the deadliest popular hate; and from Scotland, which could always muster a band of scoundrels to dance the carnagnole of fanaticism around the corpse of a victim. Strafford perished, and the king gave way to repentings from which he was speedily awakened by the novel attitude of the Parliament. Their demands were so foreign to all precedents, and so repugnant to himself, that he had to choose between two simple alternatives—crush them, or succumb. He preferred to fight, and the conflict began.

Cromwell's vulture eye foresaw the battles and the carnage. On the pretence of visiting his household, he returned to St. Ives where he harangued the people, supplied them with arms, and infused into them a share of his own enthusiasm. He preached incessantly, and his text was war. The meek follower who "lived in Kedar, a name which signifies shadow and darkness," but whom "the Lord will not desert, but finally conduct to his chosen place of repose, his tabernacle,"* exposed the wolf's fangs, and gaped for bloodshed. At the head of a concourse of fanatics, dignified with the name of militia, he fell upon the partisans of the crown, and succeeded in raising the country. In a short time, seven counties adopted him as their leader. He led them against the king's troops, whose stubborn loyalty was unable to resist men with whom wounds were tokens of election and death, a passport to paradise. As they marched into battle, they were heard chanting hymns and canticles, occasionally pausing, whilst some ragged fanatic in band and gown, appealed to their passions, and besought them to give no quarter, but smite the Philistine, hip and thigh. When their passions were raised to the most extravagant pitch, they hurled themselves upon the royal ranks with that desperation which seldom fails of victory. Charles was finally defeated, and then, with a credulity showing total ignorance of the character of the people, he threw himself

* Cromwell's Correspondence, quoted by Carlyle.

upon the mercy of the Scotch army. As one would naturally expect, that chivalrous body, reflecting in itself the popular desire for profit, at any risk of honour or salvation, sold him to the English Parliament for £500,000. M. Lamartine's fancy increases the sum to £3,000,000, but we beg to correct that more than poetic exaggeration. Nor does the transaction on examination prove disgraceful to the Scotch. It is unreasonable to blame a people, who had morality enough to be guided by their instincts. Society would blush for itself, if the son of Judas were mean enough to disown his father. "I never," says Goethe, "heard mentioned a crime that I might not have committed." We absolve the philosopher from all acquaintance with the history of Scotland.

Cromwell, the sincere religionist of M. Lamartine, was impatient for the assassination of the king. For a time, he pretended, in concert with his son-in-law, Ireton, a wretch who died with God's curse visible upon him, to respect the fallen monarch and feel for his misfortunes. Charles was credulous; the hypocrisy of the scoundrels dropped a veil between his eyes and the axe to which he was silently condemned. In a moment, the rough hand of Cromwell dissipated the illusion, and the Stuart beheld the real nature of the man into whose toils he had fallen. M. Lamartine, mimicking with genteel parrotism the explanations of Mr. Carlyle, covers his hero at this juncture with the shield of a pleasant fiction. He tells us that the king wrote to his wife telling her that although each faction was anxious he should join them, he had resolved upon concluding with the Scotch; and that this letter was intercepted by Cromwell, whom it armed with a terrible animosity against his captive. Ingenious Mr. Carlyle! easily persuaded M. Lamartine! Is it possible to believe that Charles, unless he were afflicted for the time with a hopeless madness, could have contemplated a combination with the Scotch hucksters—the men who had bargained him away for the purchase of an estate, and who would not fail to sell him again and again to the highest bidder, whether Juggernaut or the English? The notion is monstrous. Where Mr. Carlyle unearthed this precious apology for his hero we know not; but we denounce it as a skilfully concocted justification of the king's murder, with which Cromwell had to satisfy the nation that Charles was a traitor, and his blood was spilled to save the kingdoms. No mention of this document occurs in the reports of Charles's trial. It was forged to calm the consciences of the people, and ward off the execrations of posterity. It is a lie on the face, worthy of the liar by whom and for whom it was invented, but it fails to cover a crime perpetrated upon one of the rottenest pretences in history. When Charles was condemned to die by the infamous conclave of Westminster, Cromwell grew delirious with joy. It was with difficulty he was prevailed upon to grant the unfortunate king the three days which he demanded to prepare his soul to meet its Judge. To every prayer and argument urged in favour of a commutation of the sentence, he opposed jeers, scoffs, and brutal sarcasms. The foreign embassies offered him immense sums to spare the king's life; but the "sincere religionist" had only one answer—Death. M. Lamartine tells us "One of his relations, Captain Ingoldsby, entered

the hall accidentally while the officers were signing the sentence of the Parliament, and refused to set his name to an act that his conscience disapproved. Cromwell rose from his seat, and clasping Ingoldsby in his arms, as if the death-warrant of the king was a camp-frolic, carried him to the table, and guiding the pen in his hand forced him to sign, with a laugh and a joke. When all had affixed their names, Cromwell, as if unable to contain his joy, snatched the pen from the fingers of the last, dipped it anew in the ink, and smeared the face of his next neighbour, either thinking or not thinking that in the ink he beheld the blood of his king." What are we to think of M. Lamartine who recounts this barbarous incident, and assures us, nevertheless, that the chief actor was "a judge of the Old Testament?" If this be the morality of history we can wait with patience for the appearance of his long-promised *Civilizer*. When he had assassinated the king, reduced Scotland, and deluged Ireland with blood, when his steps faltered and his hairs grew white, and the blast of death was on his face, Cromwell thought of returning to the piety of his early years. To his son Richard, a conscientious slobberer, he addressed several letters, filled with the ravings of a disordered mysticism, and complaints that God had withdrawn his light from the Kedar of his soul. To his son's father-in-law he confesses that "an exalted station, a high employment in the world are not worth fighting for." To another friend he writes, that his atrocities in the Irish and Scotch wars were "inspired by charity and zeal. I beseech you to recognise in me," he adds, "a man sincere in the Lord. O Lord! I beseech thee, turn not thy face and thy mercy from my eyes." His mother died at the age of ninety-four, and the man who felt no pity for the slaughter at Limerick, and the massacres at Wexford, was paralyzed by her loss. He wept like a child when receiving her blessing for the last time. She was buried with royal obsequies under the porch of Westminster Abbey. He refused a crown, offered him it is true with all the appearances of sincerity; but he knew that it would only render his head a more conspicuous mark for the bullet of one of his numerous rivals, and refused it. Remorse hastened to finish the work of decay. His days were clouded with fears and misgivings, his nights embittered by reflections which robbed him of sleep, and racked him with the agonies of the damned. Often he was seen quitting the House in the middle of a debate, to descend into the vaults of Whitehall, where the headless trunk of his royal victim was for a time deposited. He was careful that no one should witness those awful interviews between his agitated soul and the corpse of the king whom he had deprived of his throne and life; but prying eyes saw him lift the lid of the coffin and gaze with terrible earnestness on the white face of the Stuart. When he returned into the open air, the attendants beheld him full of trepidation, his features haggard, his speech incoherent, all his faculties in a condition of torpid suspense. Well might he write to Fleetwood that he had more than ever need of the help and prayers of his Christian friends. The silver cord was ready for untwisting, and the hand of God was raised to smite the golden bowl of the cistern. "Persuade our friends who are with you to become moderate."—Too late,

and he knew it. The earth at last became unstable beneath his feet. His dearest daughter turned upon him, for he had slain her lover. She died of a broken heart, and Cromwell's days were numbered.

It is not our province to determine whether he had a destiny to fulfil, that his mission consecrated his actions. Neither is it for us to step between him and the just judgments of the God whom he invoked whilst he trampled on his laws. History has its retributions, and to them we resign Oliver Cromwell. Deep and terrible, though, must have been his repentance, if it saved him from that fearful panorama of past misdeeds which the gathering shadows of death project upon the retina of the soul. The brutalities of the first wars of the Protectorate, the skeleton-strewn fields of Ireland, the bloody glens and moors of Scotland, the fireless hearths of England, and, in the foreground of the maddening picture, the grim scaffold and the Stuart's gory head in the grasp of the executioner!

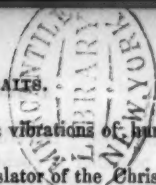
Let us close the biography, and blush that an enlightened Christian should elevate so vile a reputation to any level but the gibbet of everlasting infamy. Posterity, at any rate, at least that portion which refuses to see in great successes the manifestations of great virtues, will accept his statue upon no other basis. Awakened conscience ere this uprooted his corpse, dragged it through the streets and hung it from a gallows. Remorse still lives to treat his memory with the ignominy lavished on his bones.

Unfavourable as may be our opinions of M. Lamartine as an historical annalist, we believe there is no other public man in Europe to whom the reputation of a poet could be entrusted with less hesitation and deeper faith. One side, and that the tenderest, of his own character is essentially mystic, passionate, and speculative, three qualities which are engrained in imagination like sparkles of mica in granite. In his "Holy Land" there are passages of epic breadth, and lyrical beauty, which will contrast generously with the finest rhythmical compositions of the French school. In the picturesque faculty, and but few understand the minute-labours and delicate organizations which go to construct it, he has no equal, unless we admit the claims of George Sand. The comparison, at best, would be faulty. The man has seen life and nature under lights to which the author of *Consuelo* had no access. His mornings are the silent, solitary day-breaks of quiet mountain regions; never disturbed by the noise of the avalanches; his wildest sunsets might have been borrowed from Claude, or copied from the illimitable perspectives of Turner. Sand is more graphic, because more masculine. The world is revealed to her through a pair of Flemish spectacles; her comprehension of filth and loveliness is the same; her sensitiveness revolts from nothing. Did she understand politics she would have made a better historian of the *Gironde* than Lamartine, half of whose time is squandered in patching up the furniture and staining the glass of the ante-chamber, whilst the men and women of whom he writes escape down the back stairs, or are carted to death in the tumbrils of the revolution. Lamartine, however, is the man to celebrate the apotheosis of the poet—the revealer of the poet's heart, which he describes in exquisite

language as "a living summary of all the pathetic vibrations of human affairs."

Milton, in his eyes, claims to be a superb translator of the Christian imagination of the middle ages. He questions his originality. Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Tasso were his inspirations. The theological character of the day forced him to turn to the Bible for the materials of an epic, and literature was enriched with the glory of the "Paradise Lost." Dante had already penetrated hell, and read the sentence inscribed below its awful portals. He had climbed the purgatorial coils; and with the howlings of the damned ringing in his ears, passed the threshold of heaven, and stood trembling before his beatified mistress. He went down to hell as an avenging satirist, that the perdition of his enemies might be manifested to the loving; he descended from heaven, prayerful, imploring, penitent. The visions he had created rebuked himself; he was dazzled by the splendours evolved from the chaos of his own imagination. The last passages of the *Paradiso* sound like a wail before the throne where the elders are prostrate, and the seraphs stand with heads abased in the presence of Him who liveth for ever. Lamartine tells us the work "is absolutely monumental in expression," forgetting how much it suffers from lack of æsthetic coherency. To us it more nearly resembles the ruined masses of a cyclopean temple, full of purpose, but destitute of symmetry—the labour of an architect, vast in conception, but ignorant of proportion and design. We admit it was in the atmosphere of Dante Milton conceived the plot of his epic. It abounds with coincidences which judgment denies to be fortuitous. The machinery is often modelled in the same matrices; the bitterness and wrath which frequently deluge the narrative are formed out of the same pyx—political hate. In the spirit of the two epics, their mutual isolation becomes terribly obvious. The *Inferno* is a volcanic mountain, whose fiery peaks and bursting sides will not suffer a blade of grass to grow in their ashes; the *Paradise Lost* frequently discharges its lava, but in the hilly fissures the flowers nestle, the birds sing, and men have their habitations; minds, disorganised by calamities and blasted with a sense of wrong, fall back upon Dante, in whom they recognise the A' Kempis of suffering and self-denial. Piety delivered up to illusions, and embarrassed by the Rosicrucianism of faith, finds in Milton a faithful reflection of its fancy and fanaticism. Dante is the ascending prophet in equilibrium, half earthly, half supernatural, and rarely sympathetic. Milton's gravity weighs him down like his flesh. His canticles may reach heaven, but the singer is as visible to us as the divine angels of the Tuscan altar pieces who lift their hearts to God to the accompaniment of guitars and fiddles. For these reasons, Dante's popularity will be always special, his audience abstract, his genius local. The influences of Milton will continue to increase until a distance, great as that which separates us from the Florentine, shall have revolutionised the prevailing religious instincts. Even then, his fame will be great, for the work on which it rests is but a paraphrase of the book through which Christianity interprets itself.

Italy did for Milton what chivalry did for the Troubadours of the



middle ages. The climate warmed his fancy, filled him with passions, and thus provided a counterpoise to the gloomy austerity that chilled him on returning to England. He had admission to the highest literary circles of the Peninsula, where confidence in his future was supported if not created by the predictions of eminent men whose labours have shed an undying lustre on Italian letters. "The air of Naples," says M. Lamartine, "infiltrated itself through his veins, and made him lose sight of everything, even his glory and his native country." "I have forgotten the Thames," writes the poet, "for the voluptuous Arno. Love has so willed it, who never wills in vain." How this particular passion eventuated we know not. Perhaps Milton was disappointed; perhaps the contempt which is step-mother to familiarity, led him to renounce the attachment and preserve his heart for another. Beyond the flimsiest conjectures we have lost all traces of this mysterious connection. Civil war was lighting up England from one extremity to the other, when Milton, his heart surcharged with anti-monarchism, returned to London. Cromwell was leading his Ironsides against Rupert, Charles I. was fighting for the recovery of his throne, and society was split into factions, the stronger siding with the dictator, the weaker rallying all its sympathies around the king. The position scarcely afforded room for a poet, whose voice would be lost in the universal clamour. Milton left the combatants to themselves, and buried himself for three years in a retired quarter of the city. His meditations were interrupted at the climax of the national crisis. The intellect of the country was arrayed against Cromwell, whose popularity was seriously compromised by the incessant assaults of the royalists and politicians. No reply worthy of the republicans was forthcoming. The democratic mind was paralyzed, and the king's friends had the best of the argument, until Milton quitted his privacy and launched his thunders at their heads. A lull succeeded the outburst; and Cromwell, whom no one will charge with an indifference to genius, appointed his advocate his private secretary. The stern, unyielding soldier detected the crevice in his armour, and hastened to embrace the only man in England who was able and willing to guard his reputation. "It was not enough for him," says M. Lamartine, "to triumph on the battle-fields of Scotland and Ireland; he wished equally to despotise over public opinion." Milton satisfied the ambition.

As a politician, the poet's fame rests on the "Iconoclast," a book in which he replied to an appeal against the injustice done to the king by the republic. The *Ἐκὼς βασιλική* seemed like a voice from the grave of the Stuart, imploring not the vengeance but the compassion of heaven on the men who had spilled his blood. A more masterly defence was never written; and its effect in England and on the continent was sufficient to alarm the wildest apprehensions of Cromwell. Milton, who was an accomplice in the regicide, hastened to vindicate the Protector's reputation. He replied in a tone of delirious exultation, justifying the death of Charles, and appealing from the pathos of personal misfortune to the imperilled national liberties. As to the divine rights of the monarch he assailed them with invectives which have been ever since accepted as golden texts

in the gospel of Democracy. The arguments were full of blood and muscle; but they were the blows dealt by a gladiator, whose passion dominates his reason, and whose respect for right is inferior to his anxiety for victory. Never was dead or living king abused with more ferocity—never was the power of the people vindicated with fiercer eloquence. Milton became famous, and Cromwell's peace was restored. The calm, however, was of brief duration. When the press at home had disgorged itself of curses and judgments on the head of the Protector, the continent revived the assault, and Salmasius, a clever Frenchman, once more reproached them with the murder of the king, in terms which it was impossible to accept in silence. Milton became once more the champion of the nation. His attack on Salmasius has been compared by Voltaire to the assault of a wild beast. The peroration was prophetic. "We shall teach nations," said the poet, "to be free, and our example will on some future day carry to the enslaved continent a new plant more beneficial to the human race than the grain of Triptolemus—the seed of reason, civilization, and freedom." The prediction has been too bitterly verified. Well, it would have been for the liberty which he loved to propagate that it had grown to maturity in a soil not fertilized by innocent blood. Milton, in this outburst, which reaches the highest pitch of exquisite bombast, foresaw the pikes and barricades of Paris, the trenches and breaches of Rome. His nature was not repelled by the spectacle. Having clamoured for the royal head, he laboured with terrible earnestness to set the impress of his genius on the block that received it. He may have been sanguinary, but his consistency is above suspicion.

Charles II. entered London like a conqueror when the last vestiges of the republic were trampled down by the treachery of Monk. An amnesty was proclaimed; but Milton had no trust in kings, and fled the retribution which the friends of the monarch besought him to inflict. A rumour prevailed that he was dead. Charles, to render him justice, was too mean to be vindictive. His father's wrong bequeathed to him no heritage of vengeance. A man whose ambition was woman's favour, and dissipated ease, did not care to burthen himself with the anxieties of the State. Above all, he had no animosity against Milton; and pretended to believe in the reality of his death. The latter had taken refuge in a dilapidated house in a corner of St. Paul's churchyard. From his windows he saw the exhumed corpse of his former friend and benefactor dragged by the heels through the streets whilst an infuriated mob kicked at its rolling sides or covered it with the filth of the kennels. The storm passed away. Charles discovered Milton's retreat, and offered, if he would support the monarchy, to re-instate him in the secretaryship of state. Poverty was in the poet's house; creditors dogged him incessantly; he and his wife frequently suffered from cold and hunger. She entreated him to accept the royal offer, and was answered in words that must perpetuate Milton's sagacity and unselfishness for ever. "You are a woman," he replied, "and your thoughts dwell on the domestic interests of our house; I think only of posterity, and I will die consistently with my character."

It would be out of place to examine, in this rapid essay, M. Lamartine's criticisms on "Paradise Lost." They betray invincible ignorance and lack of sympathy. For the namby-pambyisms of the Epic M. Lamartine has pretty phrases of praise, but for the sterner and grander passages he is destitute of appreciation. We are not sure that he does not prefer "Comus" of the two. However, it is hard to censure a writer whose countrymen do not write poetry, and are absolutely ignorant of what it is. Victor Hugo and Beranger have given some pleasant ballads to French literature, but the great French poets, as we call them, have never soared, in their wildest flights, above respectable mediocrity. With the final passage of this essay we close our review of M. Lamartine's volume:—"The best portraits of Milton represent him seated at the foot of an oak at sunset, his face turned towards the beams of the departing luminary (M. Lamartine means the sun), and dictating his verses to his well-beloved Deborah, listening attentively to the voice of her father; while his wife, Elizabeth, looks on him as Eve regarded her husband after her fault and punishment. His two younger daughters meanwhile gather flowers from the meadows, that he may inhale some of the odours of the Eden which perfumed his dreams. Our thoughts turn involuntarily to the lot of that wife and daughters after the death of the illustrious old man on whom they were attending, and the poet, thus brought back to our eyes again, becomes more interesting than the poem. Happy are they whose glory is watered with tears; such reputation penetrates to the heart, and in the heart alone the poet's name becomes immortal!"

J. F. O'D.

OYSTERS AND OYSTER-CULTURE.

THE oyster season having, as a writer on the subject observes, set in with its accustomed severity, our shell-fish shops have put on their usual attractive appearance, filling their windows with tempting crustacea. Any quantity of those fascinating mollusca can be had in these appetizing resorts for the asking, accompanied with those equivocal condiments which have evidently been designed for the purpose of inducing constant repetitions of the supply, as at best they only serve to disguise the native flavour of the animal. It has been noticed this year, that the oysters are smaller than is usual at the beginning of the season. Indeed, of late years, a very gradual but steady diminution in the size has been observed, indicating that the demand has induced the taking from the beds of very young specimens, a practice which must, in a short time, tell with fatal effect on our animal supplies, as it has already done on those of France. It is notorious, that the holiday of four months, which has been so long accorded to them, is now severely trenced upon; that, in fact, oysters can be had at any time throughout the year. It would be well to curb this greed, on the part of

oyster-eaters, and to insist on the rigid observance of the four months' vacation, during which the animal might have time to rest and breed. Let it not be forgotten, that, while in ancient times we were supposed to have upwards of two hundred varieties of oysters, we have not at present a fourth of that number.

Of this mollusc it is asserted, as it has been asserted of fish and crustacea, that their enormous power of re-production forbids, at once and for ever, all idea of extermination. When this "idea" comes to be examined, for the probability is, that there is a considerable amount of exaggeration employed in estimating the produce of the sea, it will be found, although each oyster yields, as is asserted, some 50,000 eggs, that, as in the case of the salmon and other fish, a large proportion of the ova never obtain a fixed position from which to grow, and that the largest quantity of those which do obtain a resting place, are destroyed before they can be of any commercial value. The fact is, that at present we really know very little about the natural history of the oyster; so little, that there is, or was lately, but one drawing of its anatomical structure, and that one was said by some naturalists to be very imperfect. The body of this favourite mollusc, as seen in its shell, looks like a mass of creamy gelatine, or blubber, and gives no indication of ingenious structure, or life-like organization. At one time naturalists had agreed that the oyster was totally destitute of all powers of active existence, and thought to be little more than a superior kind of vegetable, destined to perpetual confinement in its shelly prison. But when examined by the lights of natural history and the microscope, the oyster was found to be a better developed animal than was supposed; and, if not itself of high structural perfection, it gave indications at least of some of those wonders of the lower life, which are so beautifully elaborated in the higher animals.

The generation of oysters, as far as it has been observed, is as follows: The young brood is exuded from the old animals in the shape of what is called "spat," a fatty substance of a greenish hue. When examined by a powerful magnifying glass, this matter is found to be instinct with life, containing amazing quantities of little oysters, perfectly formed, and ready to commence growing at once, so soon as they can attach themselves to a stone or rock, and for this purpose they are provided with valves which enable them to cling with great ease. Oysters grow, it is said, with great rapidity: but we do not believe them capable of re-producing themselves at the age of four months, as has been asserted by some writers. Had nature conferred upon them such a power, we might be able to laugh all ideas of scarcity or extermination to scorn. But, at the age of four months, the infant oyster is not much bigger than a pea, and we suspect that the animal will be at least three years old before it be able to perpetuate its species. The period when the oyster sickens is about the end of April; in May it begins to shed its spawn, and then remains "poorly" till September, before which time oysters should not be eaten in anything like quantity. This is the reason why oysters are not considered in due season during the four months of the year from which the canine letter—as R is called—is absent. The age of an oyster can be ascertained to a nicety. It is not to

be found out by looking into its mouth. It bears its years upon its back. Every body who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth; so that by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal age.

Oyster-beds, if permitted to grow without being broken upon, would soon become so extensive as to be injurious to navigation. The animal is so local in its habits that it is only by accident the young oyster gets farther away than a few yards from the resting place of the parent. The organization which is constantly at work for supplying us with this mollusc is more perfect than can be said of any other branch of the fish trade. In oyster-culture we approach in some degree to the French, although we do not, as they do, begin at the beginning and plant the seed. All that we have yet achieved is the art of nursing the young "brood," and of dividing and keeping separate the different kinds of oysters. This is done in what in England are commonly called "parks," or "farms," and in Ireland, generally "beds," the process consisting in bringing the young oysters from various places and laying them in assorted lots to grow and fatten till they are of the requisite size.

Among the works which have been projected for the recuscitation of the fisheries in France, great attention has been paid to the creation of oyster-beds, and to the propagation of the oyster. Artificial banks of considerable magnitude have been carefully prepared, and countless thousands of the much-prized animal have been spawned on these receptacles, so that in a very short time the French will again have a never-ending supply of this universal delicacy. Indeed, the produce of these artificial banks has already been brought into use, and is found to be quite as good as, and far more plentiful than, the supplies formerly obtained from the natural beds. The grand secret of successful oyster-culture, lies in the fact of the seed obtaining an immediate and permanent 'resting-place; should each minute globule not at once get itself firmly attached to some "coigne of vantage," all the chances are, that it becomes a lost oyster. In order to afford points of attachment to the spot, the French pisciculturists have hit upon the ingenious plan of sinking in the water a series of fascines constructed out of branches of trees, and these, resting upon an artificial bottom, composed of fragments of stone and brick, and of pieces of broken pottery-ware, afford capital breeding ground for any quantity of oysters. This has been proved. The beds laid down on the coast of Brittany have been most productive; they were stocked at the commencement with about three millions of breeding oysters. These have multiplied to a vast extent; as a proof it may be mentioned, that twenty thousand small oysters were found attached to a

branch plucked from one of the beds! Moreover, these experiments are found to pay. From one of the official reports on the state of the fisheries, we learn that the total expense for forming a bank, was two hundred and twenty-one francs; and if the three hundred fascines laid down upon it be multiplied by twenty thousand, the number they contain, six hundred thousand will be obtained, which, if sold at twenty francs a thousand, will produce twenty thousand francs. If, however, the number of oysters were to be reckoned at only ten thousand, the sum of sixty thousand francs would be received, which, for an expenditure of two hundred and twenty one francs, the original cost of the bed, would give a larger profit than any other branch of industry. An idea of the expense of constructing a series of great oyster-beds on our own coasts can be at once obtained from these figures. The Imperial authority, to whom has been delegated the task of re-constructing the fisheries of France, has laid down several thousand oyster-beds, some of them very large, one in particular being two thousand four hundred yards in superficial area. These artificial nurseries were first constructed by Sergius Orata, who bought and sold oysters in the days when ancient Italy flourished in pristine grandeur. Orata and his contemporaries were well versed in all the arts of animal cultivation, which enhanced the delights of the table, and they were particularly distinguished for their knowledge of the art of pisciculture. To such a length, we are told, did they extend their experiments in this pursuit, that fish were so acclimatized as to able to live in wine, and salt water varieties were trained to live in fresh water, and *vice versa*.

The geographical distribution of the oyster is extensive. Large quantities are found on the American coasts, and at the Antipodes. On the coast of Africa, the "*Ostrea edulis*" is also plentifully sprinkled, and have we not places where the oysters grow on trees, and can be plucked like an apple or an orange? This odd species attach themselves to the roots and branches of mangroves, as a place of refuge and security. Some persons affect to treat this statement as one of uncertain origin, but the solution is by no means difficult. In hot countries a great variety of shrubs and trees grow on river banks, and even along the shore, especially in such places as are screened from the agitation of the waves. The sheltered recesses of bays and harbours are, therefore, often filled with abundance of lofty mangroves, which grow up from the shallow bottom, and present the beautiful appearances of marine forests. Wherever they appear on the sea shores, the beach is not only covered with an infinite number of different insects—feeble beings which love the shade—but also with molusca, that hasten to shelter themselves from the violence of the waves, amid the scaffolding of thick and intertwining roots, which rise like lattice work above the surface of the water, or the branches that dip into it. And to these the parasitic oysters attach themselves in such numbers, that a loaded branch, when cut off, is too heavy for one person to carry. The loaded branch is then washed, and brought to table, where it forms a favourite appendage to the banquets of the rich; for the glowing tints which are so literally imported to the birds and flowers of tropical regions extend occasionally to the unas-

suming oyster. Many of the species are beautifully shaded, and the shells of such as inhabit the Red Sea are frequently varied with the vivid colours of the rainbow.

In connection with this description of a member of the oyster family, we cannot in this country boast of anything so picturesque. But for all that, a trip to the coasts of Clare, Dublin, or Wexford, during the oyster season, is well worth the attention of the *blasé* idler. Sea-side loungers could not do better than assist at the dredge. Great hauls for naturalists are to be obtained on these occasions, and the minor wonders of the deep—

“Of shells and sea-weeds, corals, corallines,
Borne up, perchance, from many fathoms deep,”

incidental to oyster dredging, cannot fail to yield instructive and entertaining occupation to those who interest themselves in the wonders of the shore.

FLORAL LYRICS.

SONG OF THE IVY.

“Old ivy tree, old ivy tree,
A lesson thy green leaves bringeth,
Of cark and care which man must wear,
Like the form to which thou clingeth.”

ANON.

Round the rimous bark o' the monarch tree
Thick wreaths I hang of green drapery,
As with upward thought I seek the sky,
Climbing the tops of the oak-boughs high,
And methinks I'll sing unto man this tale—
Have courage to climb, thou shalt never fail.

Near my haunts the owl joys to flit,
She loves 'mid my foliage, dark, to sit;
And each large dim eye, like charnel lamp,
Luridly gleams thro' the night-dews damp,
And lights my way o'er yonder tower
While I sing to the moon thro' midnight hour,
And let mankind list to my simple tale—
Have courage to climb, thou shalt never fail.

'Tis said I draw from the great oak's heart
That life which to me doth strength impart;
They slander me who would cast such shame
On the ivy that emblems friendship's fame;
Ah! wherever my creeping leaves once stray,
There, tho' ruin should come, I remain alway;
Thus, the Ivy teaches, let man attend—
We should never desert a ruined friend.

Of yore, thro' yon aisle the mass bells rung,
 And chanting monks laud and matin sung;
 The bells and good monks have passed away;
 The Ivy stays and will ever stay,
 And she'll clothe with her leaves the gray walls bare
 While a stone remains that may claim her care.
 From the Ivy thus you may learn, that she
 Clings with fondest love in adversity.

And e'en should the thunderous tempest howl,
 And thro' riven clouds wrathful lightning scowl,
 And the tott'ring tow'r feel the fatal shock,
 And come toppling down on the arid rock;
 Still I fearlessly brave the sphere's red ire,
 And cling to the tow'r thro' the scathing fire.
 Thus man should brave with dauntless strife
 The passion fires of human life.

Men say I am cold and unamiable;
 Yet, my heart can love—oh! warm and well—
 And tree, old tower, and mouldering wall,
 Graveyard, roofless abbey, deserted hall,
 Attest that the Ivy boughs ever wave,
 Less o'er bower in joy than in grief o'er grave.
 And so, those who slander the Ivy show,
 How much they assume—how little they know.

SONG OF THE WALLFLOWER.

"Lonely and sweet nor loved the less,
 For flowering in the wilderness."

MOORE.

Who loves not the Wallflower, handsome and gay,
 Whose breath's mild and sweet as the kiss of young May?
 Whose colours are simple, as village maid's gown,
 Where yellow is chequered with stripes of deep brown.

I bloom in the garden, field, dell, grove, and bower,
 I bloom on gray rock, oft o'er mouldering tower,
 I wave my lone leaves to the night-wind's sad sigh,
 And I mourn as I think, thus shall I,—all things die.

Yet I love the old tow'r, and its ivy-prankt wall,
 More than bower of beauty by soft waterfall,
 And the moss-ravelled stone, as it crumbles away,
 Tho' it leave less to love, do I love less? oh! nay.

And I love the churchyard, where the beautiful sleep,
 And I deck the lone grave, where the widow doth weep ;
 And my heart feels delight as she kisses my leaves,
 And I know that her sorrow some solace receives.

And the poor man's green plot how I love to adorn,
 There his children caress me at ev'ning and morn ;
 And should I feel thirst or but sun-weary look,
 Lo ! they bring me fresh show'rs from the clear cooling brook.

I have been in the palace, pavilion, and hall,
 I have shone 'neath gold lamps in the beauty-thronged ball,
 And I've hung o'er the couch where affection lay dead,
 Till my leaves 'gan to wither upon the cold bed.

Yet the untended couch I would rather bestrew,
 With my leaves' morning odours while fresh with the dew ;
 Than shine in the ball-room, 'neath rich censers glow—
 There beauty is false, and affection vain show.

Still I love those green bow'rs that Spring decks in her pride ;
 And my rich-robed comates tho' my garb they deride,
 And I'm cheerful and gay, be it sunshine or storm,
 When their fair breasts are cold my brown bosom is warm.

Proud rose woos the day, and vain tulip men's eyes,
 Daffodil and anemone fair ladies' sighs,
 And the cowslip delights in the daisy-starred lea,
 Ah ! the mouldering tow'r or gray ruin for me.

You may smile at my choice, but when flowers decay,
 Who shall speak of their bloom when 'tis faded away ?
 Yonder time-braving tower will, in gratitude, tell,
 How the Wallflower loved mid its ruins to dwell.

PLAINT OF THE FUCHSIA.

"The stalk some spirit gently rears.
 And waters with celestial tears."

BYRON.

GENTLY, ah, gently, ye breezes blow o'er me,
 Frail is my delicate form ;
 Spare a floral exile, who hath come to dwell with you,
 From climates more sunny and warm ;
 From climes where the smiling sun never knows chill—
 Blow gently, ye breezes, a rude blast will kill.

The children of Summer have left me, they sleep
 In th' embrace of their kind mother, Earth ;
 And like a lorn virgin I hopelessly weep,
 Where once echoed music and mirth ;
 All the flowers are gone, I alone now remain—
 Ah ! the long, dreary time till they come back again !

Now the morning is dark, and cold day, drooping, grieves ;
 The sunbeams are niggardly shed ;
 Tho' bright threads the gossamer o'er my breast weaves,
 The chill dews are blanching my head ;
 And my coralline cheeks pale beneath the hoar frost—
 Breathe warmly ye breezes, or Fuchsia's lost.

But colder and fiercer the nipping winds blow—
 Ah ! why did I leave my own clime ?
 Yellow Autumn is dead, Winter comes wreathed in snow,
 I die in the noon of my prime.
 Tho' the rude, icy winds mock my plaint as they rave,
 Soon they'll wail a death dirge o'er the sad exile's grave.

When, once more, at the wave of young Summer's rich wing,
 I spring forth in beauty and bloom ;
 All-forgetting, forgiving, contented I'll sing,
 Nor dread the dark grief of the tomb.
 Roses die, lilies fade, and, indeed, I should fear
 Less to die than remain cold and comfortless here.

JOHN DUGGAN.

A VEXED QUESTION.

"The Pillar Towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand,
 By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land ;
 In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
 These gray old Pillar Temples—these conquerors of Time !"

NOTWITHSTANDING all the research and erudition which distinguishes the attempt made by Dr. Petrie, in his "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland," to elucidate the origin and use of our Round Towers, it must be admitted that the subject, so far from being conclusively settled, is still debateable. The qualifications which he has laid down as essential to the enquiries into this interesting branch of our antiquities are, no doubt, of the first importance ; for, without architectural knowledge, which we highly prize, though by no means deem it a science, and an intimacy with our ancient annals and ecclesiastical records, we should feel disposed, at first sight, to deem it a case of temerity to undertake the investigation ; yet, on mature

reflection, when we recollect that one of the principal causes of this great national enigma is the total and culpable silence of our sacred registries and public documents regarding the matter, and that the "lofty as well as round" pillars—as Giraldus Cambrensis termed them, when alluding to the popular belief, that—

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the Round Towers of other days
In the waves beneath them shining;"

themselves possess neither the beauty of the Corinthian columns that could fascinate, nor the intricacy of the Gothic clusters that may bewilder our imaginations, we cannot discover the utter incompetency of many ordinary mortals to undertake the herculean labour. It would look rather awkward, indeed, after spending, let us suppose, half a lifetime in the study of what remains to us of our historical and national literature in Dublin and London, in Paris and Rome, in Sweden, Denmark, and the Netherlands, for the student to be told the moment that he felt himself, on the prescribed terms, qualified to investigate the question, that our public records threw no light whatsoever on the subject!

Limited as are the boundaries allotted her by nature, on reverting to the remote past we find that Ireland was not only remarkable for the sanctity and learning of her sons, at a period so early that all around her was in comparative darkness, but rendered illustrious by their missionary fame, and the promptness and humility with which they taught, both by precept and example, as well as renowned for the multiplicity of her great ecclesiastical establishments, and the magnitude and grandeur of her collegiate foundations. But, most prominent among the peculiarities characteristic of our nation were the Round Towers—structures in their form, appearance, and altitude, unexampled and unique in Europe, displaying more simple grandeur in their plain and unencumbered shafts, as they rose up against the clear, blue sky, than all that the elaborate creations of Greek and Roman science had ever effected with greater combinations, and yet whose era, origin, and use were as completely unknown to us as if they had been so many new-fallen stalagmites of the over-arching firmament. Then comes Cambrensis, who, influenced by intense curiosity respecting them, made every exertion to cast some light on the night side of their history, and yet all in vain. He describes these ecclesiastical towers, as he calls them, as lofty, round, and slender, and as being built *after the manner of the country*; but as to when or wherefore, he knew nothing. Now, if we will only dwell, for one minute on the character, the credulity of the vagrant North Briton, it will be quite superfluous to hint that Giraldus had really nothing more to say about those rotund structures, otherwise he would infallibly have said it. The natural inference, therefore, to be drawn from this unaccustomed taciturnity of the writer is, that the period of their erection could not have been recent, as it would have been in the mouths of the people;

and that not only was it not recent, but that their antiquity must be great, since tradition itself was uncertain and at fault about them. Since they are, inferentially at least, of unknown antiquity, probability seems to carry it against Petrie's Christian theory, and in favour of their Pagan origin. As the legendary account was the only one current at the time of Cambrensis, it would be absurd to suppose that churchmen could have been at that very period, or recently, in the act of building them. We are not to believe, nor can we be expected to believe, that two or three centuries could have worked such a stygian abyss, that human tradition dare not pass the unfathomable gulf; and in this case it would be requiring something of the kind, since Giraldus Cambrensis was amongst his Irish gossips on the banks of Lough Neagh, in the twelfth century, and according to Dr. Petrie, some of these towers had been built so recently as the middle of the tenth century, or perhaps later. We do not suppose it to be possible that a whole nation could have chanced to be afflicted with that sort of mental paralysis which obscures the recollection of all recent occurrences, while it only enlivens the brilliancy of those more remote. However, the whole question has now narrowed itself from all its broader, but less important features, to these two cardinal points, whether these towers are Christian or Pagan structures? To arrive at some satisfactory conclusion on this debateable ground, one of the primary and best ingredients in the enquiry, will, for the elucidation of historical truth, be secured by a dispassionate, but searching investigation of the entire subject.

Like most of the early tribes that colonized Ireland, the Tuatha-de-Danaan were cognate with the Celto-Scythians, but better known amongst the ancients under the name of Cimmerians, who, after all their wanderings from the East, by the Euxine, the Hellespont, and the Mediterranean, found their way at length to the British Isles. Here they found located some of the earlier swarms which had preceded them, from their native plains of Ind, by whom they were supposed, from their more advanced skill in the arts and sciences, to be magicians. Dispossessioning these, the Danaans made a settlement here, and remained for about two centuries, until in their turn they were necessitated to succumb to greater numbers, or more successful adversaries. At "Magh Turadh," or the "Plain of the Tower," situated near Lough Mask, between Cong and Ballinrobe, in the county of Mayo, they are said by local tradition to have defeated the Firbolgs, who opposed their assumption of supreme power in the island, and the locality remains to this day a corroboration of their great skill in architecture. These succeeded the Milesians, who are recorded as having conquered them, and made themselves masters of the island; but these new colonists were still a portion of the same great erratic people, that had been for ages rushing down, avalanche-like, from the East to Europe, and were all alike sun-worshippers. They acknowledged and revered that great luminary, through the symbol of fire, which they consequently held sacred; and, if the Pagan hypothesis be correct, of which we entertain no doubt, held the fire towers, or *hyrtheia* of the Danaans, in equal veneration. This is not only the most probable way of accounting for all the singularities connected with the Round

Towers, but the only likely mode of making them appear beside the more uniformly Christian belfries, without calling in question the economy of the founders, or the sanity of the architects. The great apostle of the nation found it alike in consonance with his natural character, his Christian benevolence, and the ecclesiastical policy of the age, to associate, as much as possible, the heathen monuments and remains with the ceremonies and observances of Christianity, and thereby imperceptibly but surely wean the people from their Pagan creed. The holy wells, which, under the Druidic worship, had attracted so much popular veneration, were, in accordance with the same line of policy, taken under the protection of the Christian missionaries. On the same principle, too, the various churches raised by the apostle and his disciples were always located, whenever practicable, in the vicinity of the Druidic Round Towers. There can be little doubt but that the Irish missionaries would have made some use of the Pagan altars likewise, but for the embarrassing circumstance of their being generally found raised on the summits of hills and mountains, which rendered them inconvenient to the social footsteps of civilization.

The Pagan theory thus serves to simplify and explain everything that had been otherwise mysterious in the whole subject, whereas the adoption of the Christian origin of the towers, would lead to the wildest confusion. If the Round Towers were Druidic erections, as we verily believe, nothing could be more consistent than the unbroken silence of monastic records and annals respecting them, the effect of which, like the destruction of the Druidic volumes, though possibly very prudent and very politic at the time, we may be allowed to regret in those days of universal enlightenment and cultivated literature. The more we realise the real condition of our Pagan progenitors, the more clearly we comprehend the peculiar circumstances of the country, even in the times of Cambrensis. In the early ages of the occupation of the island, the Druids and Pagan people worshipped the sun, moon, and stars; and even the winds, the wells, and the rivers, came in for their share of popular veneration. The Danaans, the Formorians, the Belgæ, and the Milesians—in fact, every colony as they successively reached these shores, no matter how vigorously they battled for supremacy, all seem to have been unanimous on one point—the universal adoration of the sun, and its symbol, fire. One colony is supposed, and with great probability, to have made its way to European climes through Persia; another by Greece and the Mediterranean; all, however, bringing with them something in the way of progress and improvement as their contributions to the common exchequer of knowledge and science then concentrated, such as it was, in this little western isle. There is no dispute whatever about these broad facts, that the Druids were worshippers of the sun and moon, like the Persians and the Oriental races; that, like many other eastern nations, they had their sacred symbolic fires, which they worshipped, or revered, on the tops of hills and mountains. The remains of these practices and ceremonies of the Pagan times continue so rooted in our nature and habits, that there would be no use in denying the hypothesis that, like the Orientalists, they had also a priesthood set apart for the due performance of their sacred rites, who were learned

and enlightened, not only according to their time, but, as many modern scholars are willing to admit, far in advance of the age both in literature and science. Now, before the advent of the latter colonies, Persia, in the time of Darius Hystaspes, five hundred and thirteen years before the Christian era, witnessed that memorable reformation of Zoroaster, which spread over the great continent of India; and, of course, we should be more surprised, therefore, to find they had not fire-towers in Ireland than otherwise, since they professed the pyrolatry, or fire-worship, which had given rise to such structures. Pagan observances, such as the fires on May-eve and the Eve of St. John, still subsist amongst us; on these festival nights they are still lit up on many high places all over the island, tending to evidence indubitably that our Pagan ancestors were fire-worshippers. There is but one inference to be drawn from these facts. The fire-worshippers were the reformers of the older religionists; and wherever the reformed system was adopted, the Round Towers were their indispensable temples as well as their type. The admission is accorded on all sides, and by all writers, that the Druids worshipped the sacred fire; but they hesitate to allow that they kept it, like the Persians, their co-religionists, in towers. St. Patrick, as the sanguinary creed of Druidism "paled its ineffectual fires" in the hallowed light which radiated from the tenets of Christianity, condescended to discuss the merits of their respective religions with its priesthood. Patronized by the monarch as individuals; protected by the state as an institution; taking precedence as princes, governing as magistrates, and instructing as priests, would it not be extraordinary, indeed, to find they had no towers in which to preserve that sacred fire at which they adored before all, and above all, as the symbol of their universal divinity—the sun?

Under such circumstances, then, what can be unworthy of our attention in Hanway's statement respecting the towers which he met with in India? In the very country through which, it is generally admitted by the most learned archæologists, the ancestors of the Irish people had emigrated, he discovered, as he tells us in his "Travels in Persia," four Round Towers, which were said to be temples of the Ghebers, or Persian fire-worshippers, which he visited, and felt surprised that, after the abolition of the religion itself for the purposes of which they had been raised, they should be suffered to exist. These edifices were round, thirty feet in diameter, and one hundred and twenty feet in height. Here are facsimiles of those buildings in Ireland which some would fain have us believe were Christian belfries, yet found in a distant Mahomedan country; the remains of a Pagan people who were fire-worshippers, and built by them for the preservation of the sacred fire, and who never knew any thing of Christianity, bells, or belfries. Are we not entitled, then, to ask, can these belfries of the Irish people have been really Christian structures, when we can find their type only in one other portion of the world, and there as a remnant of Paganism? Such belfries are not to be found in any of the great metropolitan cities and episcopal towns of Italy, Gaul, Germany, or Spain. Nowhere else, in fact, where the Christian religion has established its eternal truth.

"Beside these gray old pillars, how perishing and weak
 The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,
 And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires,
 All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires."

Again, Lord Valentia happened, during his travels in the Indies, to fall in with two Round Towers, at a place called Banguepore, and was delighted to meet with what, from his recollection of native scenery, appeared to him like old acquaintances. In height, form, and appearance they were nearly identical with the Round Towers of Ireland; the door being about the same height from the ground. Singular enough, Lord Valentia was unable to find any tradition respecting them. They were, however, revered as holy, and numbers of devotees were said to flock thither annually, as to a place of worship. Every unprejudiced eye will recognise the archetype of the Irish Round Towers, whether Pagan or Christian, in those of Hindústan, because nowhere in Europe are edifices of the kind, with similar peculiarities, to be met with. If they were Christian, how came the Irish architects to select a Pagan model? The more the theory of their Christian foundation is persevered in the more intricate and unsolvable will the puzzle become. If the Milesians were so loosely orthodox as to require that their belfries, contrary to all Continental rule, should be no longer connected with the chancels, but rise high in air, free and independent, and formed, too, upon a Pagan type, we can only say, that if such notions could originate in the sanctuary, they were extraordinary ones. In the earlier ages of the church, as well as to-day, all Christendom had its regular plans and style of building for ecclesiastical edifices, which successively served as models through all time. Of these foreign foundations, many were not only built for Irishmen, but some were actually instituted by Irishmen, and were at all times patent to their countrymen. The Irish, however, on their return, are presumed to have become architecturally schismatic, and, against all rule and precedent, to adopt, if we credit the Christian theory, a system of building belfries entirely apart from their respective churches. It would not only be an Irish innovation on the ordinary rules of architecture, but it would moreover appear, that its importation was not permitted to the Continent, since not a solitary instance of a Round Tower belfry can be discovered through the length and breadth of the land. How does it happen, that many of the churches adjacent to Round Towers have been supplied with the ordinary Christian belfries known commonly to all Continental churches, and which always formed an intrinsic portion of such buildings? After all, the origin and use of those beautiful and mysterious towers, whose history is so truly said to be hidden in the night of time, are as completely unknown to us to-day as they were to the Cambrian topographer, in the twelfth century.

"The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,
 Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb;
 But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—
 These temples of forgotten gods—these relics of the past!"

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane—
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—
Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman Peers—
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the Chiefs of later years !

Here blazed the sacred fire, and, when the sun was gone,
As a star from afar to the traveller it shone ;
And the warm blood of the victim have these gray old temples drunk,
And the death song of the Druid, and the matins of the Monk !”

It was in the year 1185 that Gerald Barry, or “Giraldus Cambrensis,” as he was familiarly termed, being a native of North Britain, first devoted any marked attention to the Round Towers of Ireland, which he denominated “turres ecclesiasticas,” and added, were built “more patriæ”—after the manner of the country. Until nearly five hundred years afterwards—1662—nothing more is heard about them, when John Lynch, adopting the *nom-de-plume* of “Cambrensis Eversus,” undertook to reply to him, and first advocated the Danish origin of the towers, a theory, however, entirely untenable, because the Danes were only in possession of some maritime towns, and the towers are found all through the country. In addition to this we possess the evidence of a grandson of Olaus Wormius, himself a Dane, of their not having any such edifices in their ancestral Northland, nor were they known to raise them in any of the different regions reduced to their subjection. Yet in the year 1684, we find Peter Walsh, in his “Prospect of Ireland,” supporting the same opinion, but suggesting that they might have also been built as watch-towers ; while, in 1727, the celebrated Dr. Molyneux only deemed it *probable* that the Danes were the founders. Harris, in his edition of Sir James Ware’s “History and Antiquities of Ireland,” introduces a new theory—that they were anchorite towers. The idea of this supposition would appear to have been originally started by Dean Richardson, and it soon obtained more able support in King, Dr. Milner, and O’Halloran. The first, in his “*Munimenta Antiqua*,” announces his adhesion as a “stylite ;” Dr. Milner published his opinion in his “Tour through Ireland,” and the historian in his “Introduction to the Study of the History and Antiquities of Ireland,” regarding them as works of the eight, ninth, and tenth centuries. In his “History of Cork,” Dr. Smith, on the authority of some Irish manuscript which no one else has seen, adopts another hypothesis—that they were penitentiaries. A new idea, however, struck the Doctor after visiting the tower at Ardmore, and in his subsequently published “History of Waterford,” he strenuously argues in favour of the belfry theory. General Vallancey next appears upon the stage. He stirred up tradition, ransacked musty manuscripts, and infused vitality into the subject, when he proclaimed them *pyrætheia*, or temples of the ancient fire-worshippers. An enthusiastic oriental scholar, he mantled the history and antiquities of his adopted country with a warmth of colouring, and a brilliancy of light from the rich shores of eastern learning, and a more than eastern imagination, which were at once captivating and intense. The emanations of his powerful and active mind appeared in the “*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*,” which was published under

his auspices in Dublin. But he was soon encumbered by another writer of considerable erudition and great argumentative subtilty, Dr. Ledwich. The latter adopted the Danish origin of the towers, and an ethnologic warfare sprung up between them which had, during its existence, a source of peculiar popular interest. Colonel de Montmorency, the Beauforts, Wild, Dillon, Wright, Gough, and Shea, add to the antiquarian list, and countenance some opinion or another, yet leaving but one prominent theory in the foreground of the picture, that of Vallancey, for the fire-towers. So interesting did the vexed question at length become that, in the year 1830, the Royal Irish Academy proposed a prize for an essay on the subject. From the essays sent in the Committee selected two, one written by the late Henry O'Brien, and the other by Dr. Petrie. The former adopted the Vallancey system in its integrity, and in the most Oriental style, and gave to the world one of the most curious and elaborate articles ever written on the subject. Dr. Petrie zealously advocated the theory that they are Christian not Pagan remains. Let us glance briefly at a few of his statements.

For the theories of Vallancey and O'Brien Petrie has not the slightest sympathy. He cites from them, indeed, but, strangely enough, does not deem their arguments worthy of a formal refutation. He can afford to sneer at their Oriental fancies, but does not care, for obvious reasons, to disprove them. Vallancey asserts that a certain Druid, named Midhe, who emigrated from Greece to Ireland, lighted the first fire in Meath, which was in consequence named after him, and the colonists of which were compelled to pay him tribute for it. Dr. Petrie denies that Irish history states any such thing, although he admits the inference might be drawn from it. Vallancey further states, and he is not singular in his opinion, that the Irish towers were built after the manner of the Persian ones, for the purpose of preserving the sacred fire by the Pagan ancestors of the Irish people, and that here, as in ancient Persia, were two sects of fire-worshippers; one lighting their fires on the summits of hills and mountains, while the others preserved them in towers. The adoption of fire-towers by the Persians would appear to have been subsequent to the reformation of Zoroaster, although they did not at the same time discontinue to offer their sacrifices upon the hills and in the open air; for, as Cicero, almost employing the words of Herodotus, tells us, they had neither statues, temples, nor altars to the Deity, as they considered it absurd to confine within walls that being whose temple is the universe. Their altars, as Byron has it, were—

"The mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great whole."

Moore, in his "History of Ireland," observes: "By those who hold that the Celts and Persians were originally the same people, the features of affinity so strongly observable between the Pagan Irish and the Persians, will be accounted for without any difficulty. But, independantly of this hypothesis, the early and long-continued intercourse which Ireland appears to have maintained through the Phœnicians with the east, would sufficiently explain the varieties of worship which were imported to her shores, and

which became incorporated with her original creed, or formed new and distinct rallying points of belief." As regards the sacred fire, Vallancey was essentially correct, as appears from a MS. in Trinity College.

To enter at length into the numerous hypotheses advanced by Dr. Petrie, in support of the Christian origin of the Round Towers, would far exceed the space at our disposal. His work is one of sterling value as far as regards the illustration of ecclesiastical architecture, but to throw light on such a vexed question he has, to our mind, adopted a most indefensible theory. We cannot discover that stone churches were generally erected in Ireland before the ninth century; and it is not really conceivable that the construction of the Round Towers, which, according to him, was contemporaneous, could have escaped, even traditionally, from the minds of the people in two or three centuries. Yet, when Giraldus Cambrensis arrived in the twelfth century, he could gain, with all his industry, no information about them. Moreover, we do not think it probable that such an extraordinary innovation would have been attempted in ecclesiastical architecture. Of all artists, we believe that architects are the most serious and attentive in the observance of the duties and requisitions of their art. Nothing less than a stern necessity could induce them to adopt a severance of the belfry from its ordinary and proper location in the body of the church, and here existed nothing of the sort. Any change contemplated by them would be either from a consciousness of its utility, or an appreciation of its beauty. The severance of the bell from the chancel, and placing it externally and apart, would be an eye-sore that no professional science would tolerate. In the first place, the entire effect of the monastic pile or church, as a structure *per se*, would be manifestly deteriorated by the juxtaposition of a tall, incongruous pillar, that could be neither harmonious nor picturesque. At the same time, the simple beauty of the tower, which it effectually exhibits as a solitary object to the eye, unobstructed by, comparatively, the cumbrous building beside it, would be entirely lost. The pyramidal effect of the edifice was destroyed, when the companile, or bell-tower, the artistic consummation of the whole, and which has invariably been an ornamental adjunct to such structures, was severed from its own peculiar position. The belfry, moreover, in its proper site, would afford much better accommodation, not only for the bell, but for the safer custody of the episcopal properties and church valuables, than the isolated Round Towers. We are not ambitious to break a lance with Dr. Petrie in a trial of skill in my department of architectural antiquities, but we are unable to endorse his theory of the Christian origin and use of the Round Towers of Ireland. Be this, however, as it may, on their pointed summits, whence the sacred fire of Druidism once shed its mystic rays, the glorious emblem of our Redemption is now triumphantly placed; and our aspiration is that of the poet:—

"There may it stand for ever, while the symbol doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the heart;
While the breast needeth rest may these gray old temples last,
Bright prophets of the Future as preachers of the Past!"

KILMAINHAM AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

FAIR in the morning sun of this yellowing October day stretch out the slopes and uplands, the dells and woods of old Kilmainham. From this height between the Island-bridge-road and the forest-land that glooms over the river bank of the murmurous Liffey up to the village of Palmerstown, there lies a scene a poet might grow rhapsodistic about, and a painter attempt to sketch in vain. Far through bosky tintings on the right the eye ranges across garden and lawn, through which still and broad rolls down the stream to be lost in the city streets, amid the crowd of men, and the hurry of life. Over the fields that lie on the hither and further side of the river are dotted cows in groups, or bunches of sheep that a Dutch painter—Cnyp or Hackluyt—would grow ecstatic about, and transfer in all their picturesque grouping to their ready canvas. But never yet came a Dutchman of them all who could catch the roll of that sward or the tint of that green. Then away beyond the river on the hills of the "Phoenix" arise the sombre but mellow shadowings of those hawthorn woods—thick-growing as an Austral scrub forest that crown those heights and bound our horizon. Glimpses of white cottages and neat villas catch the glance as they peer out of hollows from amid hollyhocks, laburnums, and drooping willows; others look down from the wood-crowned eminences, that are interspersed as if by some giant hand through all the varied spot. To culminate the glories of nature that surround our vision the eye is uplifted to the Dublin Mountains that raise their ranges into the blue sky, and link our looks with heaven. A thousand times, no doubt, this fairy scene is passed by wayfarers unconscious of its beauty. The stray passenger through the village street of Island-bridge, that has such a quaint, old world look, and seems the stony petrification of the ghost of old times, cannot think of the seclusion that falls around him, like a mantle of peace and blessedness, in those green fields on the river bank. The mill may clatter beside the bridge, as the miller follows his noisy trade, the trampling squadron may be performing its evolution in the barrack that disfigures this pleasure, the flying train and its puffing engine may be bearing its busy freight on pleasure or profit, and madly rushing by, but there is room enough for all those vanities to expend themselves in nothingness, whilst we look at calm-eyed Nature, as she reigns here, or summon history, that monitress of pale and wise face, to interpret unto us the characters that time has set in the handwriting of death and change upon this page, first opened by the finger of God.

Sixteen hundred and eighty-five years ago, when the Roman was lord of the lands, when his consuls were in Gaul and Britain, in Spain and Pannonia—in Europe and in Asia—everywhere rulers of men; the Brehons and the Ollamhs, the sages, and the princes, and warriors, of unconquered Ireland,

* Wrongly is this noble Park so called. Popular belief assigns its terminology to the Phoenix sculptured on Lady Chesterfield's pillar, but the derivation is erroneous. The name is taken from the chalybeate spa well, at the upper end of the Zoological Gardens, called long ago, "Fion Uiske," now corrupted into Phoenix.]

marked this country of ours into two divisions, to be thenceforth, and for ever, the patrimony of two chiefs of Royal Erin. The spires and chimneys of the Hospital for decayed soldiers, just visible over the trees, arise above one of the eminences of a chain of hills, or Esker, that extends from Dublin to Galway, and what was called Aisgir Rieda, when the language of the Gael was murmured by princely Irishmen, to noble ladies who loved the speech, when it was the medium of the flashing eloquence of our people, when Bard sang in it, and Brehon taught in it. Here they stood to end their wars in a peaceful arrangement of boundary. The tall Con, Prince of Leath Con, or all the land on the northern side of this Aisgir, strode haughtily over the green sward, no doubt, as his glance ranged across wood and valley, river and meadowland, that spread far and wide before him. Dreamed he of hunting the gigantic elk, or the huge red deer that roamed at will through his broad domains, dreamed he of spearing the salmon that gamboled in the clear river, or, attuned to softer thoughts, did he follow the current of the stream, which flowed down to the City of Hurdles, where the fair princess was drowned in the foaming flood? The envious Mogh Nuagath, the rival of Con, as he marked all the portion that fell to his share, as prince of the land south of the Aisgir, called Leath Mogha, did he, less generous, only look to the value of his possessions? This is most likely, for thirteen years hardly had rolled away until he gathered his tributaries, his gallowglasses and kerns, and woke the flame of battle once more to win half of the dues that were gathered from the harbour of Dublin. How many a gallant fellow bit the dust in the raid he led?—how many a widow mourned for her husband, when the fight was over?—how many an orphan wept the father, by whose knees he no more might climb, to be fondled and caressed?—how many a maiden put on the garb of grief for some youth, whose fierce, impetuous valour had won him death? Con, prince of the north, and Mogh Nuagath, lord of the south, have lain down their royalty at the feet of the gray ages.

Their warriors grew old amid Irish hills, and the mighty arms of the conquering host, became in good time, weak as those of little children—the Brehons and the Ollamhs—the statesmen and the chiefs—have gone so long ago that the world forgets them and their wisdom; and the widow and the orphan, and the mourning maidens, have met the lost, whilst the earth rolled through the days of well nigh an hundred generations of the human race, as they grew and lived, feasted or sorrowed around this same old place. What a homily this is on our passions or our griefs to-day! Here it is preached in the murmur of the river, that bears a song-like burden, that may well seem the echo of melody from bosky dells, far upon its banks, where the thristle lifts “his wood notes wild,” and the robin, “that ever in the haunch of winter sings,” pipes to the day, and the dissonance of agitated woods, heaving and swelling in the October winds, like a heart pulsing and throbbing with unknown thoughts, all mingle in a harmony that instrument made by human hands never could rival. The river rolls as then, the sky stretches away above our heads, without a wrinkle on its serene face, the land rises and falls in its wonted undulations, and life passes

still; grows crabbed and bent, fleets in tears, or starts in sunshine; whilst the hills are the same, the stream as musical, the fields and heaven as fair, as though the passions of men, their greed or generosity, their heroism, or their weakness, never disturbed the spot.

Four hundred and fifteen years after the disputes of Mogh Nuagath and Con had ceased, Kilmainham was witness to another sight. On those high grounds to the right, somewhere near that embattlemented gate that rises far in the old elm trees, there came a man of peace and prayer—an Abbot and his monks—to build a church and convent amid the lonely but beautiful wilds that spread, in those days, all around this district. Then the red deer browsed at evening or slept at mid-day in the covert of the woods, undisturbed by human presence. The kingfisher dozed on the river-bank, and the hawk soared in the open, seeking for his quarry. It was a meet spot in those times for holy commune. In the face of those mountains—in the shadow of those woods—in the voice of the river there was the presence and the tones of an eternity, not dark and decrepid, but ripe, vigorous, and crowned with an undecaying youth—rose the temple from its foundation as the Abbot Maignend—now crowned with the aureole of the saints—and his monks, and their labourers fashioned coign and arch, buttress and pillar, and soon amid the solitude were uplifted the stately spire and the soaring cross. Then at Prime and Matins pealed forth the silver-voiced bell, and across the wood and upland the sound rolled in harmonious volume, until the kern heard it on the hills beside the mountain tarn, the keyriagt,* as he watched his browsing charge, listened to its vibrations, and the wild bird, startled in the close thicket, cheeped an alarm note in response to the unwonted modulation. How long Abbot Maignend and his monks lived and laboured, prayed and wept here, there is, after one thousand two hundred years, no record; but ever since to this day the spot bears his name. The cell of Maignend † was it called in the language of our fathers, and to this hour, in the long wilderness over which the dusty feet of Time have since trodden, the words echo, in the tones of our strange and alien tongue, somewhat corrupted and barbarized; but still true to the reverence that won a reputation for the spot from the virtues of this Irish priest long ago.

Agas passed away, and the church and convent fell to ruin. Weeds grew in the pleasance, and ivy on the wall. The monks died off, and their places were not filled up. The Danish invaders, who settled at the embouchure of the Liffey, and ravaged where they could, had scared them from their peaceful retreat with their lawless ways and grim impiety, when around the church and amid those hills and dells there came the trampling squadrons of a delivering army. McMurrough, Prince of Leinster, ancestor to him who afterwards delivered his country to the stranger, rose in war against the hordes of the Danish robbers who despoiled his territory, and Brian Boruimhe—the great and heroic King Brian—came down to do battle against the oppressor. The sun set on an August day, in the year

* Herdsman.

† Kill Maignend.

1015, as the white tents of his camp were pitched along this sward; troop after troop defiled in this quiet place. Knight and gallowglass did their duties—these in command, those in obedience; and when the pale crescent of the autumn moon rose up, it lit the lines where banner and pennant shimmered in the gleaming air—the sentry paced his round and made his shrilly challenge to the silent night—some restless chief stalked in slow thought along the ground, haughty and fierce as Mars, and all the wilderness was gorgeous with the panorama of glorious war. Here the sight was renewed night after night until the Christmas of the same year, and in the bleak December days King Brian broke up his camp at Kilmainham and marched further northward.

On Easter Sunday in the following year, again across the Liffey ford advanced the same army, this time the laurel of victory wreathing their standards, which drooped in mournful honour to the ground. The grandson of King Brian, and if popular tradition be true, the son of the same hero were borne in stately sorrow upon their bloody bier from the triumphant field of Clontarf along those slopes. Solemnly walked the cortege of tried and victorious warriors to the sacred enclosure around the monastery of Maignend, where his dust and that of his monks lay on yonder hill, and there amid prayer and grief they committed the corpses of the noble dead to the earth. Tradition used to point out the grave of the warriors in the old burial ground, perhaps even tradition has forgotten it now. War had again been desolating our shores when Kilmainham owned a new master, Strongbow; “the sleek and wily Strongbow,” chose the site as being most fitted for a Priory of the order of the Templar Knights. Here, in the year 1174, upon the ruins of the abbey and church, artificer and mason once more came, and the foundations were laid of the noblest priory which the far-famed Templars possessed in Europe. For many a rood along those banks lay their possessions; vast gardens were arranged and ordered around the fortress, of which they were to be the keepers. A cemetery then, one of the first in Christendom, was mapped out to hold their dead, and soon amid the corridors of Kilmainham stalked the white-robed soldiery of the cross. Here during some hundreds of years they kept watch and ward, sometimes making a fierce raid upon the tribes in the hills, sometimes hunted and driven to bay by the O’Byrnes and the O’Tooles. Many a chief ruled over them and their commanderies in Ireland until the days of Edward the Second, when the Lord Walter de Waters was Grand Prior of Kilmainham. Then a decree was made by the king and council in England that the Order was to be suppressed. All their property was confiscated and themselves driven out. Walter de Waters made his way through Europe, hunted like an outlaw, and died in some eastern land of a broken heart, and the Templars never again were seen in Ireland. To them succeeded in possession of Kilmainham the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and here they held their rule until the reign of the eighth Henry, when they, too, were visited by the hand of rapine. These, called variously the Knights of Malta or St. John of Jerusalem, were originally termed Knights Hospitallers, because they were bound by their

rule to reside in an hospital to receive the poor and strangers. The order was instituted by certain merchants of Amalfi, in the kingdom of Naples. Those merchants being trading to the Levant, obtained leave of the Caliph to build a house at Jerusalem for themselves and the use of pilgrims, on condition that they should pay an annual tribute. Soon after they founded a church in honour of St. John the Baptist with an hospital for sick pilgrims, from which they took their name. The valiant Godfrey de Bouillon, who took Jerusalem in 1099, exceedingly favoured those Hospitallers, who, in the reign of Baldwin, the first king of Jerusalem, in 1140, added to their three religious vows another, by which they obliged themselves to defend the pilgrims in the Holy Land from the insults of the Saracens. From that time they became a military order of knights, and wore for their badge a cross with eight points. They were vowed to celibacy and bound never to make peace with infidels. They used to observe also certain constitutions borrowed from the canons of St. Augustine. Such were the men who succeeded to the possession of the Priory of the Templars. During this period the mountain chiefs still followed their war on the Priory of Kilmainham, at one epoch only being in harmony and peace with its possessors. In the reign of Henry the Fifth, Thomas Le Botiller, Prior of Kilmainham, publishing his intention of going to France to fight in the ranks of King Henry the Fifth, obtained sixteen hundred volunteers from the Irish hills, who assembled here, and departed for the wars under his command. At Rouen they performed prodigies of valour, and aided mainly to the victories of that place. In Cressy and at Azincourt their resistless charge was as desperate as ever their descendants made many a century after against the same hosts and under the same flag in the bloody field of Peninsular warfare.

So the course of events ran on around this old place. Sometimes it was in the possession of warriors—sometimes of abbots and their monks—sometimes the hymn and the wild bird's song alone broke its silence, and sometimes the slogan of angry foes or the wails of wounded and mangled men broke upon the air. Now in the calm October evening it is tranquil as if the appeased ghosts of the dead hovered upon its stretches.

At yonder bridge there was a battle fought between the citizens and the O'Toolles. Across the brawling river the contending hosts strove and struggled whilst the stream ran red with blood. Surely it is quiet enough now.

Thus the years have rolled over Kilmainham. At one time measured out for the patrimony of a prince, at another the camping ground of a great host, again the domain of a monastery, or the battle-field of hostile armies, the ages have passed over it to mark it with memories that survive their dust. Here Roderick, king of Connaught, led his troops against the conquering Strongbow, and made him sue for terms upon this field. So far did the Irish prince humble the Norman robber, that he acknowledged him as his sovereign, and swore allegiance to him as his king. Humbly enough did the grasping baron stand beside his liege lord's bridle rein, as he marched at the head of his troops down those slopes across the ford of the Liffey and over the heights to Castleknock, and amid all the glory, pride, pomp, and circumstance of war the army of king Roderick passed in splendid

pageant from those uplands. Never was such a sight of triumph beheld here after until Art O'Kavanagh came again at the head of another line of those Irish warriors, who carried defeat and dismay into the Palesmen, and spread far and wide the terror of their name and prowess.

From all those varied uses there came yet a more signal change upon the land. Charles the Second decreed that a retreat should be built here for maimed or worn-out soldiers who had served in his army, and yonder it arises, built according to the ordinance near the site formerly occupied by the Castle of Kilmainham—the old residence of the Templar and Hospitalier of the holy wars. Round about its walls and within its precincts lie the bones of the Abbot Maignend and his monks. There is interred the honoured dust of the fated but triumphant slain of Clontarf. Donagh, the grandson of Brian Boromhe, and many a chief of Brian's host lie there in the peace that falls upon them out of the depths, the silent years have gone through their revolutions—summer and winter, spring and autumn, whilst they rested there since. Men who had it from their fathers, and they from theirs, tell their children that in that old burying-ground the son of Brian, Murrough, has found his grave; nay, even they point out the spot. As if to corroborate them, many years ago an old cross, one of those antique stone crosses peculiar to our country, fell from its base, and in the socket were found many Danish coins. In the Royal Hospital there is still shown to the curious, a ponderous sword, eaten with rust and age, consumed by the gnawing tooth of time, which tradition assigns to have been that of Prince Murrough. Is it the blood of the slain invaders that has gathered upon it in those brown incrustations? Warm from the grasp of the hero's hand, it must have been laid down with his corse; red with the gore of battle, it must have been consigned to the repose from which it has been raised only to make the wonder of a chance visiter.

In the memory of such vicissitudes as this old spot has seen, how deep the suggestions that arise within the soul. All the life and passion, all the schemes and plottings, all the blood and cares that have sunk like fleeting visions down this sward. Yet here lie, in this October evening, the sunset rays glinting and tinting every blade of grass, every elm and ash, every flower in the mead, and every ripple on the stream, as in the days of Con and Maignend, Roderick and Art. What a glorious land it was—this land of ours—in other times, when the bards sang its joy in such ecstasy as a bird in the forest, whose tones gush out of a heart of happiness. A poet, worthy of the days of Ireland's most poetic fame, catching the spirit in which the harp once rang in bower and hall, pictures his country in the time of a great and wise prince, Cathal More of the Red hand, son of Turlogh, king of Connaught, who died in the year 1224. Solemnly, like a dirge, its echoes fall and mingle with the vesper bells that ring in the hush of eve:—

“ I walked entranced
Through a land of morn :
The sun, with wondrous excess of light
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn

And lustrous gardens, aleft and right.
 Even in the clime
 Of resplendent Spain
 Beams no such sun upon such a land;
 But it was the time,
 'Twas in the reign
 Of Cathal More of the Wine-red hand.

Anon stood nigh
 By my side a man
 Of princely aspect and port sublime,
 Him queried I,
 'O, my Lord and Khan,
 What clime is this, and what Golden time?
 When—' The clime
 Is a clime to praise,
 The clime is Erin's, the green and bland;
 And it is the time,
 These be the days
 Of Cathal More of the Wine-red hand!

Then I saw thrones
 And circling fires,
 And a dome rose near me as by a spell,
 Whence flowed the tones
 Of silver lyres,
 And many voices in wreathed swell,
 And their thrilling chime
 Fell on mine ears
 As the heavenly hymn of an angel band,
 'It is now the time,
 These be the years
 Of Cathal More of the Wine-red hand!'

O sweet singer, numbered long among the dead and gone, how mournfully thrills thy melody! Was such the song of Israel by the waters of Babylon, when the singers wept, remembering fair Zion, and lone Bethany, and the lakes of beauteous Galilee? Did thy lyre gain its tenderness from the touch of woe, and desolation, and suffering? Or was its music won from faint echoes that trembled down through the airs of silent ages, and by some wondrous sympathy of thy nature, fell upon thy listening soul to be interpreted to all men and all time? Across the stilly wood there comes a soft breeze that, it may be, answers me in its low murmuring; it plays amongst the sedges on the pool—it ripples the broad river, and whirls the dust on the white road, and is gone, as thou art. What is life or joy, melody or beauty, but a passing breath?

From those old times passing down to days more modern, Kilmainham has grown into a suburb with many agreeable residences about it, and in its streets, that look like those of a rural village. Some of the most eccentric, some of the most base, and some of the most admirable characters in our recent history have left their names as heirlooms

* "A Vision of Conacht in the Thirteenth Century," by James Clarence Mangan, in the "Book of Irish Ballads," in Duffy's "Library of Ireland."

to the place. Few are there who do not connect the memory of the old Court-house with that of Bully Egan, the generous, brave, and impulsive Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. He was a large, dark, and burly man, as we find by his portrait limned by a master hand in "Ireland Sixty Years Ago." He bore all the reputation of soft, good-hearted characteristics, except in one respect, and that was when it was necessary to fight a duel—a task from which he never shrank. Then Bully Egan knew no fear nor tenderness, although upon some of those occasions his better nature broke out upon him. He fought at Donnybrook, with the Master of the Rolls, in consequence of some insult he conceived that judge to have put upon him in court, and as it was known the precise day and hour it would come off, a large crowd of spectators gathered to enjoy the fun, which Bully Egan contrived to intermingle with every scene in which he was an actor. The Master of the Rolls had a right to the first shot, as the parties had tossed for the decision of that serious matter, and, the duellists having taken their ground, the Master of the Rolls fired at Bully Egan and missed him. This exploit satisfied the judge, who was walking away very coolly saying his honour was satisfied, when the hoarse voice of Egan stopped him, and recalling him to his post exclaimed, that he should have a shot at "his Honour." When, in obedience to this command, the judge returned to his place to be shot at. Egan shouted aloud that he would not humour him or be bothered with killing him, and called on him to come "and shake hands, or else go to the devil." This, it need not be said, the Master of the Rolls did, and ever after the men who had met to take each others lives became fast and firm friends. Another of the curious duelling incidents in which he appeared, was that where Jerry Keller, the barrister, and Egan were engaged upon opposite sides in the same suit. The case was heard at the Assizes at Waterford. Keller and Egan fell out upon some point of law, which they were discussing, and their argument growing earnest both retired from the court to decide the matter by a duel. They crossed the river Suir in a ferry-boat to gain the county of Kilkenny. Henry Hayden, a large man, and justice of the peace for the county, when he heard of it made for the scene of contemplated battle, and arriving as they were preparing to fire, got between them. Peremptorily, he was commanded by both candidates for honour to get out of the way, or they would first shoot him, and then break every bone in his body. He declared his authority as a justice of peace. They told him they did not care if he were an angel from heaven, they would not mind him. And, terrifying him by their determination, he got out of the way; when they exchanged shots without effect, and then returned to court. The cause of their absence was generally known, and the bench, jury, and auditors, were expecting to hear the news, which of the belligerents was killed, when both walked into court. The Court-house of Kilmainham, however, bore testimony to the genial nature of this fierce duellist, for many a time, when passing severe sentence upon a criminal, he was known to exhibit his commiseration so far for the unfortunate wretch, as to shed tears upon the fate he was compelled to subject him to.

At Kilmainham, some sixty years since, from the judge to the executioner was only a step, and from the court of justice to the scaffold, where the hangman ministered, just as brief a journey. "Luke Caffrey's Kilmainham Minit," is a true picture of scenes that, in those unhappy days of Ireland, were frequent of occurrence. This celebrated slang song, rivalled only by the "Night before Larry was Stretched," sketches the mode of progress of a condemned man to execution. The gallows, in those days, was erected at Stephen's-green, and the criminal was conveyed from the prison to that spot in a cart, in which he stood under the fatal beam, where the noose being adjusted around his neck, the cart moved on, and the unfortunate wretch hung dangling in the air until he became a strangled corpse. The system of execution differing then from that adopted now, as death resulted solely from apoplexy instead of, as in our times, from fracture or dislocation of the bones of the neck, and apoplexy from the constriction of the rope on the blood-vessels leading from the brain. This fact caused efforts to be made for the resuscitation of the persons executed after they were cut down from the rope. Those had, in some instances, proved successful, and one man, named Lanigan, was restored to life, after execution, by the touch of the surgeon's scalpel, who had obtained the body for dissection, opening a vein and relieving the engorged brain.

From one of the most interesting books on Irish manners and customs of those times, we are told that the costume of the finisher of the law was horribly grotesque. For the purpose of concealment and disguise he was accustomed to wear a peculiar costume. His face was covered with a vizard, whose misshapen features were calculated to excite the risibility of the spectators. His back was bolstered up into an immense hump like that of Punchinello. The system of constructing this appendage was as peculiar as it was useful to the executioner. The appearance of this official was always hailed by insults and a shower of any kind of missiles that were at hand about the place of execution. The hunch was formed of a wooden concavo-convex dish which was laid between the shoulders of the hangman, and being fastened there, was covered by clothes. When the criminal was turned off, and the amusement of pelting the hangman began—a process known as "dusting the scrag-boy,"—to avoid the showers of stones hurtling by him, the hangman ducked down his head and opposed his hump as a shield to the frequent missives aimed at him. From this they rebounded with a force that told how deadly was the strength with which they flew, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd, who rejoiced in the antics of the degraded wretch upon such occasions.

After such horrible spectacles as this were abolished, the hero of many of them, old Tom Galvin, the hangman, remained resident at Kilmainham. This ancient ruffian was proud of his fame, and rejoiced to show his visitors the rope with which he performed his work, and with which he jocularly used to relate that he had hanged most of his own relatives. His dexterity in the task was a theme upon which he would always dilate with pleasure, and as an instance of it many a visiter unexpectedly found the rope suddenly slipped round his neck by the master hand of the old strangulator, and enjoyed

the sudden chuck that conveyed the sensation of strangling. He had no human feeling, and exercised his vocation with the most intense selfishness. A reprieve was a thing he dreaded, and when news came to him of a respite for some unfortunate man upon whom he hoped to exercise his horrid trade, it is said that he would almost cry with disappointment at the loss of his fee, and say: "It is a hard thing to be taking the bread out of the mouth of an old man like me!" He was always impatient at any delay made by a convict, and a notable instance of his remonstrance upon such an occasion, occurred at the execution of the infamous Jemmy O'Brien. This cruel and ferocious informer, at his last hours exhibited the greatest terror, and lingered over his devotions to protract his life for a few moments. Galvin, annoyed at being kept waiting, called out to him at the door of the scaffold, so as to be heard by all the bystanders, "Misther O'Brien, jewel, *long life* to you, make haste wid your prayers, de people is getting tired uader de swing-swong!"

Kilmainham had a frequent place in the ballads of the people. The romance of Lord Altham's abducted bull, for the purpose of baiting, is one of the old and favourite ditties of the classic neighbourhood now long forgotten. It tells how—

"'Twas on de fust o' sweet Magay,
It being a high holiday,
Six-and-twenty boys of de straw
Went to take Lord Altham's bull away."

The finish of the expedition is tragic of course, as all such productions should make their finales. They got the bull and baited him, but Nemesis was to appear on the stage, and this is how the lame divinity made her entry—

"Lord Altham is a very bad man,
As all de neighbours know,
For driving white Roger from Kilmainham lands,
We all to Virginy must go!"

Those are relics of times that are old now in our eyes, who live amid the decorum of more enlightened days. Strange as they are, in our records they are worthy of a place, for the instruction they convey.

The last celebrated reminiscence of Kilmainham is that which connects the village with the name of the gifted, patriotic, and high souled Robert Emmet. A house which he occupied is still shown near the police-barrack, and curious it is, but still patent to any one who will examine it, that the railings around are composed of gun barrels, which, doubtless, poor Emmet hoped would have aided him to gain success in that tragic course which terminated in his execution at Thomas-street. This house was the witness of the brutal torture to which Major Sirr put a young girl, the faithful and heroic servant of the devoted enthusiast, in order to force her to confess where her master was concealed. This she resisted, although the pangs she suffered were so great, that a little addition to them would have relieved her by immediate death. This is an episode sufficient to close

our paper upon Kilmainham, reflecting as it does the principles which are yet rite amongst our people, in their unconquerable fidelity and attachment to the patriotic and unfortunate.

Deep falls the shadow of night over the white houses in the old suburb, over the blurred outlines of distant spire, and far tower, over the woods and over the river, whose voice grows louder, more hoarse and solemn, in the hushed pauses of the still air. Above the hills gleam the silent stars, the burning cressets of old time, hung out from heaven. The steer has been gathered into the byre, the sheep have been housed in the fold, the plough is stopped in the ridge, and the teamster passes homeward, as here we muse amid the dust of old battle fields, the ruins of old glory, and the graves of dead Chief and Kerne, Knight and Monk. What a voice this is preaching the lesson of mutability, that without an earthly tone falls on us, with an earthly interpretation! Wherever we tread, it proclaims amid the world, amid roads ever so dusty and common place, scenes ever so still, wild, and beautiful, that the dead of by-gone ages lie under our feet, whilst we muse and moralise, weep or rejoice in our path. Dead passions, dead peace, dead strife, have reigned and ruled everywhere over this wide world, and with such connection, in the tranquil darkness that hides the ghosts of other times from our sight, we leave to loneliness the wide domain that Maignend blessed, and for which warriors bled a thousand years ago.

THE VIEWLESS.

WHITHER I go or whence I come

No mortal can discover,

Among the flow'rs I idly roam,

And o'er the waters hover.

Sometimes I'm wayward as a child,

Sometimes as true love steady;

Sometimes in fury, rude and wild,

I whirl and wheel and eddy.

I frisk and play

Thro' ruins gray,

And make the ivy rustle;

I gently brush

The dewy bush,

And with huge oaks I tustle.

I linger on the npland heath,

With purple tinges glowing;

I gently creep its bells beneath,

Fresh youth and strength bestowing.

I kiss the rose's blushing face,

I shake the bearded thistle,

And round some old forgotten place

I sob, and sigh, and whistle.

My course I take
By glassy lake,
Or river fringed with willow ;
Then o'er the deep
In wrath I sweep,
And chase each heaving billow.

I skim along the sandy shore,
With coloured shells embedded—
And rocky caverns I explore
'Neath cliffs and chasms dreaded ;
I peer into the osprey's nest
On dizzy crags and ledges,
And steal where fragrant violets rest,
In sheltered way-side hedges.
The waves I dash,
With sounding crash,
'Gainst cliff, and cape, and island,
Then bear away
The captive spray,
O'er vale, and plain, and highland.

I love the cheerful village green,
Where noisy children riot,
I love the churchyard's moonlit scene
Where all is still and quiet.
Far on the sea, in fiercest strife,
Or whispering o'er the meadow—
I'm but a type of human life,
Its sunshine and its shadow :
And waves and grass,
And men still pass,
To others swift succeeding,
And thro' all time,
And ev'ry clime,
Still I go on unheeding.

T.

THE TWO SICILIES IN 1862.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

It soon burst forth again, and Piedmont beheld with terror the entire population rise up with one loyal accord, to atone for their supineness, and vindicate their fidelity to the Bourbons. Francis II. was accused of having stimulated the new outbreak. By a singular confusion of terms, the royalists were designated brigands, a title to which they had

as much claim as the cavaliers who fought for Charles I. against the armies of the Protectorate. Surely, if the king wished to organize the demonstrations, he had lost the opportunity for doing so. It was from Gaeta, and not Rome, that they should be controlled and directed, when he had troops at his beck, and not when reduced to the shadow of a king, under the protection of the Pontiff. The royalist bands were charged with being guilty of frightful excesses, which, in reality, were the tearing down of Sardinian colours, the re-erection of the statues of the king and queen, the plunder of granaries that they might live, and the abstraction of the municipal chests, on which the Piedmontese had not laid violent hands. Surely, no one had a clearer right to the king's property than the king's agents. To call such acts excesses is but to designate legitimate necessities by opprobrious titles. Can the Sardinians show clean hands? They are defiled by the worst excesses that ever attended war. It may answer some purpose to cry "thief," but the reproach may be returned with interest.

Sardinia having conquered Naples, the latter, according to the revolutionary theories, had nothing to do but become rich, prosperous, and powerful. The people were blessed at last with a free government, and it would be ungrateful of them not to appreciate its advantages. They were to have a parliament, eliminated from the best electoral system in the world. Self-taxation was also promised—indeed, nothing was to be denied them that the nation—under the benign will of a king, who had violated his oath and despised his conscience—might become a paradise. Alas, for the promises! they proved but so many delusions. The great results were barren and bitter. In six months the aspect of affairs had changed considerably for the worst. The agrarian laws promulgated by Garibaldi, and by which the communal property was divided between the scamps of the peninsula, fomented discontent, and quarrels, often ended in blood, became the order of the day. Every one would have his share of the spoil, and Naples, large as it is, could not accommodate the universal desires. The dictator's railroads, asylums, and savings'-banks, were, at the best, Utopian schemes—card-houses, blown down by the first breath of popular clamour. The state finances were rapidly exhausted, although, when Garibaldi entered Naples, the treasury was fully equal to its responsibilities, notwithstanding the drains to which it had been subjected by the epidemics and partial famines of the years 1853, 1854, and 1855, and the cost of reorganizing the army in 1859. Genoa and Leghorn, favourite centres of revolutionary operations, had the first draw. Patriotic exiles demanded patriotic indemnities for fines incurred by patriotic labours. One minister, we are told, drew 72,000 ducats; and another, not satisfied with 40,000 for himself, insisted on having 16,000 more for his father. Then the state officers had to be recompensed for their sufferings, or their losses. A director-general of the customs withdrew, after one month's labour, with a life pension of 2,000 ducats. In this way about 2,000,000 ducats were easily got rid of. Rubbatamio, of Genoa, were paid for the Cagliari, though that vessel had been restored to them; and for the vessels which carried the Garibaldians to Marsale they received a million *lire*. The war on the Vol-

turno, the operations against Gaeta absorbed immense sums. A director, and two secretaries of state, pocketed 400,000 ducats. This was denied, and the journals which exposed it were threatened with prosecution, but the injured parties took no further steps to purify their reputations. The funds, the great barometer of public feeling, which, under the king's reign, had risen to 118, at 5 per cent., collapsed to 65, or about half their original value. The depositors hastened to withdraw their money from the bank; public confidence was shaken to the base; and, before one year of free government had passed over, the interest on the national debt was increased by 500,000 ducats! The Marquis Ulloa, commenting on these facts, asks: "And what portion of the whole debt contracted by the kingdom of Italy, and amounting to 700 millions of lire, a sum which had hardly been contracted for when it was already spent, may not be expected to fall on the kingdom of Naples, which forms one-third of the whole state?" The urgent need of meeting so many newly-raised expenses, multiplied by the financial reforms of a constitutional ministry, who overturned the system of the accounts kept for the state, with laws not instituted by the parliament, made it necessary to have recourse to dangerous and immoral expedients, even to touching the funds of private individuals in the Bank. How could commerce and industry flourish when the ships were all of a sudden taxed on the scale of Genoa, because the government wished the customs to be paid in its own neighbourhood? Naples and Messina served as holocaust to Genoa. The ports of the kingdom were opened to foreign trade, and, at the same moment, national manufacturers, such as those of Cava, Piedimonte, Arpino, and Sora, were obliged to diminish or to close their works. The urgencies of trade became so great, that on the 10th September, the maturity of commercial bills was prorogued for two months, and at the end of that period it was again twice prorogued, thus securing the second and third profit to those who had had the first*. Bankruptcies multiplied and succeeded each other rapidly in Naples.

Nor was this all. Trade was demoralized, and gangs of unemployed operatives paraded the streets cursing the new government, and frightening the peaceful inhabitants by their excited cries and menaces. The arsenals were idle; an army of 100,000 men had been disbanded, and the factories which were kept in constant requisition for their uses, were closed for every thing, even to the shoes and clothing of the soldiers was made up and provided in Turin. As an additional proof of the centralizing tendencies of the new government it is worth while stating that Turin also supplied the public stationery, and the desks and benches used in the state schools. Workmen were imported from Turin, who obtained a preference over their Neapolitan brethren, and double their wages. Railroad machinists, custom-house porters, gaoles, founding hospital nurses came in swarms from Turin, which had also the honour of introducing bands of the most dexterous thieves and pickpockets in the peninsula. Well might the poor Neapolitans weep for the dreams inspired by the ephemeral intoxication

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our paper upon Kilmainham, reflecting as it does the principles which are yet rite amongst our people, in their unconquerable fidelity and attachment to the patriotic and unfortunate.

Deep falls the shadow of night over the white houses in the old suburb, over the blurred outlines of distant spire, and far tower, over the woods and over the river, whose voice grows louder, more hoarse and solemn, in the hushed pauses of the still air. Above the hills gleam the silent stars, the burning crescents of old time, hung out from heaven. The steer has been gathered into the byre, the sheep have been housed in the fold, the plough is stopped in the ridge, and the teamster passes homeward, as here we muse amid the dust of old battle fields, the ruins of old glory, and the graves of dead Chief and Kerne, Knight and Monk. What a voice this is preaching the lesson of mutability, that without an earthly tone falls on us, with an earthly interpretation! Wherever we tread, it proclaims amid the world, amid roads ever so dusty and common place, scenes ever so still, wild, and beauteous, that the dead of by-gone ages lie under our feet, whilst we muse and moralise, weep or rejoice in our path. Dead passions, dead peace, dead strife, have reigned and ruled everywhere over this wide world, and with such connection, in the tranquil darkness that hides the ghosts of other times from our sight, we leave to loneliness the wide domain that Maignend blessed, and for which warriors bled a thousand years ago.

THE VIEWLESS.

WHITHER I go or whence I come

No mortal can discover,

Among the flow'rs I idly roam,

And o'er the waters hover.

Sometimes I'm wayward as a child,

Sometimes as true love steady;

Sometimes in fury, rude and wild,

I whirl and wheel and eddy.

I frisk and play

Thro' ruins gray,

And make the ivy rustle;

I gently brush

The dewy bush,

And with huge oaks I tustle.

I linger on the upland heath,

With purple tinges glowing;

I gently creep its bells beneath,

Fresh youth and strength bestowing.

I kiss the rose's blushing face,

I shake the bearded thistle,

And round some old forgotten place

I sob, and sigh, and whistle.

My course I take
By glassy lake,
Or river fringed with willow ;
Then o'er the deep
In wrath I sweep,
And chase each heaving billow.

I skim along the sandy shore,
With coloured shells embedded—
And rocky caverns I explore
'Neath cliffs and chasms dreaded ;
I peer into the osprey's nest
On dizzy crags and ledges,
And steal where fragrant violets rest,
In sheltered way-side bodes.

The waves I dash,
With sounding crash,
'Gainst cliff, and cape, and island,
Then bear away
The captive spray,
O'er vale, and plain, and highland.

I love the cheerful village green,
Where noisy children riot,
I love the churchyard's moonlit scene
Where all is still and quiet.
Far on the sea, in fiercest strife,
Or whispering o'er the meadow—
I'm but a type of human life,
Its sunshine and its shadow :
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of the revolution, and turn with heavy hearts to the past they had abused, and the king whom their cowardice had made an exile. Worse terrors than those detailed awaited them. The criminals belonging to the galleys at Castellamare escaped, and with 250 other desperadoes, liberated with the consent of a state minister, literally invaded Naples a-fresh, and organized a new reign of terror. In one fortnight nineteen assassinations took place by daylight and in the open streets. Life was accounted of no value, and was afforded no protection. Houses were daily and nightly broken into, the valuables removed, and the inmates beaten and insulted. This was a constitutional government with a vengeance, when licence assumed the forms of liberty, and an enemy's life might be purchased for a ducat. As if private spoliation was not sufficient, the government proceeded to rob the state. Upwards of two hundred thousand muskets, the bronze cannon of the arsenals, as well as the celebrated bronze gates of Castello Nuova, were removed to Turin, but the populace insisted on the restoration of the latter, and they were restored to the hinges. The royal palaces still remained to satiate the thirst for plunder. They were robbed of the magnificent treasures which the taste and wealth of the Bourbons had accumulated under their roofs; the plate was sold by auction, the kitchen furniture sent to Turin. And as if to crown the series of outrages, red-shirted scoundrels were to be seen driving along the banks of the Dora in the royal carriages.

Fresh impositions continued to be levied. Sicily was taxed for salt and tobacco. For the registration of the civil, judicial, and administrative acts, which cost about one and a-half millions, under the old regime, the people were taxed for ten millions. Notwithstanding this enormous income a deficit of ten millions and a-half ducats embarrassed the Neapolitan Exchequer at the close of December, 1860. In 1861 it had risen to upwards of twenty millions, to meet which there were sold seventeen millions of stock, and all the corn bought in for the people by the Bourbon government. Intellectual Piedmont, by way, we suppose, of a lofty form of variety, next proceeded to dissolve the Royal Academy, the Academy of Naples, the Institute of Fine Arts, the Military College founded by Charles III., and the Naval College, established by the same monarch. Civil colleges were swept away with an unsparing hand. Others, at the abolition of the religious institutions, disappeared; several private institutions were closed; the educational establishments for the children of nobles and civilians became disorganized; and the mistresses were carried away at night by carabinieri, because they refused to swear allegiance to Victor Emmanuel. The primary and secondary schools failed for want of the subsidies, while the people's schools, the infant asylums, and the other institutions projected with so much ostentation, remained unfounded, and even the idea abandoned and forgotten.

As to the clergy they were exposed to frequent insults, deprivation of their benefices; and worse, the horrible spectacle which was presented when the government set up preachers of blasphemy and lewdness in the pulpits of their churches. The bishops were expelled the country without

distinction, some with violence, if not with injury and outrage. Of course, the Jesuits were marked out for special chastisement, their convents were abolished, their property confiscated. At Monserrat a priest was torn from the altar by a hired mob because he would not subscribe to the Revolution. To demoralize the people further, the stage was given up to licentious plays, in which the Catholic doctrines and practices were reviled, and the shop windows were filled with obscene prints and pictures, so gross that Holywell-street would find it difficult to produce anything as bad. The results were soon deplorably manifest. Crime increased, decency was forgotten, and the public virtue corrupted to the core—consequences which exactly coincided with the desires of the government. As for the prisons, they were crammed with victims. Members of the aristocracy were obliged to consort with scoundrels, prompted to insult them; priests were imprisoned in the filthiest dungeons, and subjected to the most rigorous treatment. The officers of the old army, who had given up their swords on the understanding that they were to be pensioned or placed on the new army list, were dragged from their beds at night, hurried on board ship, and landed at Genoa or Alessandria. The officers who had fought at Gaeta were banished to the island of Ponza, and those who returned from the Pontifical States were arrested by a mob and thrown into gaol. In the city of Naples alone 13,000 prisoners languished in confinement. The press was sure to be assailed, and we have before us the names of a dozen papers which were suppressed, after their machines had been broken and their types destroyed.

And all this time the bloody work of "pacification" was going forward in the provinces. Let us listen to Count Ulloa whilst he recounts atrocities, before which, the most hideous records of civil wars grow pale. "The Raellia, the Nigras, the Galatesia," he says, "and other leaders of the Sardinian army proclaimed a war of extermination, in which mercy should be accounted a crime. Nor did they confine themselves to threats. Wherever the insurgents fell into the hands of the Piedmontese, they were immediately and ruthlessly shot. Hecatombs of forty and fifty at a time were to be seen in numerous places, at Montecilfone, forty-seven out of eighty prisoners were shot; at Montecilfone, fifty who had taken refuge in the very temple of God were slaughtered. Nor did those only who were found with arms in their hands fall by the sword, but these also whom fear or vengeance induced the people to point out as adherents of the insurrection. A shepherd of the neighbourhood of Pozzuoli was found sleeping in a field by an officer, the chief of a detachment of Piedmontese, and hesitating to make some inquiries in the neighbouring village, was immediately killed. Several country people in the neighbourhood of Nola, many villagers from about Avellino and Sanseverina, an infinite number of peaceable charcoal-burners from Gargano, met the same fate on the slightest suspicion or on simple denunciation. In Calabria, and in the district of Geracia, not less than eighty-two, among whom were Baron Franco and his uncle, were, on the instant and mercilessly, put to death. The impatience of the executioners denied them even the last consolations of religion. What tortures

were inflicted on them before death, it is impossible to tell. Thirteen Neapolitan soldiers were imprisoned near Lecce, and brought before the nearest judge. But when the judge called for the prisoners, he was answered, "*They repose near the village*"—the soldiers of the escort had shot them! A body of Piedmontese having entered Somma, a village near Naples, the officer in command had six unfortunate wretches, who had been pointed out to him as having had understanding and dealings with the insurgents, brought before him, from their own houses, and, without granting them a hearing, ordered them on the instant to be put to death. Among these six men thus assassinated was one officer of the National Guard, only twenty years old, and who had been married only a few days before. And the word of one ruffian had sufficed to induce the captain, Count Bosco, to command these executions. The public clamour was so great that they were obliged to bring the Count to trial, but the judges acquitted him. The council of war assembled at Turin sentenced the victims, not the butcher, acquitting the Count, and declaring by a posthumous judgment that the six had been guilty of connivance with the insurgents. But what magistrate had tried them? What law had been applied to them? Who had given the Count faculties to commit this iniquitous massacre? Towns, villages, hamlets, which might have been possibly occupied by the insurgents, were set in flames; at sunset all the villagers were obliged, under pain of death, to repair to their habitations. Whole families, deprived of husbands and fathers, roamed about the country without food or shelter.*

Such is an outline of the causes which overthrew the Bourbon dynasty, which deluged and continue to deluge Italy with blood. The war of extermination still goes on; the king is in exile; and the Neapolitans have abundant leisure to reflect on the wisdom which made them passive spectators of the flight of their sovereign, and uprooting of a government, which, with all its faults, cared for them with a zeal that had few parallels. Already the clouds are gathering on the future of the new kingdom. The curse with which it was inaugurated threatens to destroy—its very elements are in conflict. Disturbing causes have originated in places where the invaders dreamt most fondly of security; and every sign is prophetic of convulsion and change.

* See Document No. X.